

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

APRIL 30, 1958

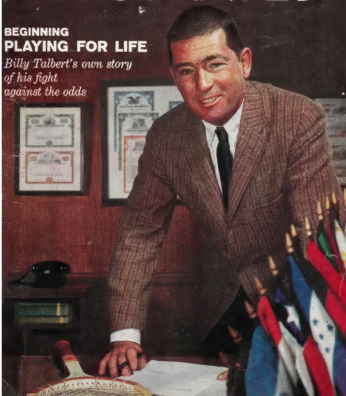
America's National Sports Weekly

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*Billy Talbert's own story
of his fight
against the odds*





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famous racing silks

From left to right:
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an bordered stripes and
diamond

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diamond stripes and
diamond

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diamond points

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point motif

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YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. Write: Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA **76**

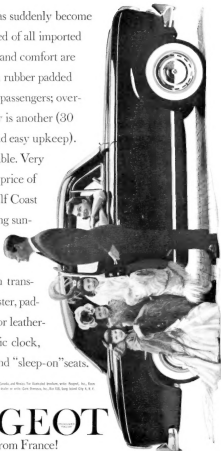
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PEUGEOT

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An illustration of two male runners in a race. The runner in the foreground is wearing a dark singlet and shorts, leaning forward in a powerful stride. The second runner is slightly behind and to the right, also in a running posture. The background is a simple, light-colored ground surface.

The cover of Sports Illustrated magazine features a black and white photograph of a horse's head in profile, facing left. The horse has a dark coat with a prominent white blaze running down its face. It is wearing a halter with a lead rope. The title "SPORTS ILLUSTRATED" is printed at the top in large, bold, sans-serif capital letters. Below the title, the name "JOHN MEYER" is visible, followed by smaller text indicating his role as Editor-in-Chief. The overall design is clean and professional, typical of a major sports publication.

Drugs Information was published weekly by TMM Inc., 100 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. This issue is published in a National, Eastern, Midwest, West Coast and Southern edition. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions: U.S. & Canada \$7.00; elsewhere \$10.00.

Journal of Management Education 33(10):1153-1167

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A. rhomboidalis var. *rhomboidalis* (1888)

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COMING EVENTS

April 17 to April 22

All times are E.S.T.

• Color television • Television • Musical radio

Friday, April 17

BASEBALL

• Detroit at Chicago, 1:00 p.m. (Marini).

BOXING

• Eddie vs. Brown, light, 10 rds., Hollywood.

• 10 p.m. (NBC).

TENNIS

• Pro Tour, East Orange, N.J.

TRACK & FIELD

• Kansas Relays, Lawrence, Kans., through April 19.

Saturday, April 18

AUTO RACING

• Nat. 500 A race, Hartford, Md., (Apr. 18).

• Nat. 500 A Green Springs mty., Tenn., Apr. 18.

BASEBALL

• New York at Boston, 1:00 p.m. (NBC).

• Philadelphia at Cincinnati, 2:15 p.m., (CBS-TV).

• 1:30 p.m., World-wide.

BOXING

• Houston at Yale.

• Navy at Princeton.

• Calver Cup Regatta, 1:30 p.m., Philadelphia.

BOXING

• RFP, Miami, St. Louis (through April 22).

HOOKER

• Stanley Cup finals, Toronto at Montreal, 8 p.m., (CBC).

• 8 p.m., (CBC).

BASEBALL

• Miami at Montreal, 1:00 p.m., (NBC).

• California State, 1:00 p.m., Pasadena, Calif.

• Chesapeake Bay, 1:00 p.m., Laurel, Md.

BOXING

• The Montreal Special, 10:15 p.m. (NBC).

AUTO RACING

• Grand National Tour to Pocono, Pocono, Md.

• Middleburg Race Race, Middleburg, Va.

BASEBALL

• Navy at Princeton.

• Rutgers at Army.

TENNIS

• Pro Tour, Toronto, N.J.

WATER POLO

• Nat. Indoor Championships, final day, Chicago.

WRESTLING

• U.S. champs., final day, Williams, Ohio.

Sunday, April 19

AUTO RACING

• Nat. 500 A Grand Nat. Division, 1:00 p.m., Martinsville, Va.

BASEBALL

• Kansas City at Cleveland, 1:45 p.m. (ABC).

• New York at Boston, 1:00 p.m. (NBC).

• Detroit at Chicago, 2 p.m. (Marini).

Monday, April 20

BASEBALL

• New York at Boston, 1:00 p.m. (Marini).

BOXING

• Edwards, Ray, Wack, Hamilton, Bermuda.

• Through April 21.

TENNIS

• Pro Tour, Toronto.

TRACK & FIELD

• Boston Marathon, Boston.

Tuesday, April 21

HOOKER

• Stanley Cup finals, Montreal at Toronto, 8 p.m., (CBC).

BASEBALL

• Kansas City at Detroit, 1:00 p.m. (Marini).

BOXING

• World vs. Brown, middle, 10 rds., Chicago.

• 10 p.m. (ABC).

Wednesday, April 22

BASEBALL

• Kansas City at Detroit, 1:00 p.m. (Marini).

BOXING

• World vs. Brown, middle, 10 rds., Chicago.

• 10 p.m. (ABC).

Thursday, April 23

GOLF

• Tournament of Champions, \$40,000, Las Vegas.

• Through April 28.

WRESTLING

• Blue Grass State, \$10,000, Knoxville, Ky.

HOOKER

• Stanley Cup finals, Montreal at Toronto, 8 p.m., (CBC).

BASEBALL

• Kansas City at Detroit, 1:00 p.m. (Marini).

BOXING

• World vs. Brown, middle, 10 rds., Chicago.

• 10 p.m. (ABC).

TENNIS

• Pro Tour in Championships, Cleveland (through April 20).

* See local listing.

Jimmy Jemil's
HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Do you favor playing the Davis Cup finals some place other than Forest Hills?*



JOHN FOSTER DULLES
Secretary of State
Washington, D.C.

Yes, as long as the games are played on grass. I played my tennis at Princeton—on grass. The real name for the game is lawn tennis, not tennis. Why can't areas that host Davis Cup matches grow grass? This country has beautiful golf greens.



ALEX OLMEDO
U.S. Davis Cup star
Los Angeles and
Arequipa, Peru

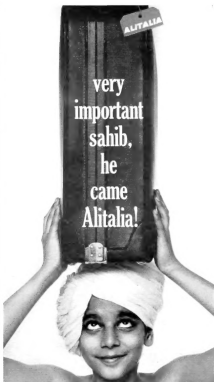
Yes and no. The last time I played in the championships at Forest Hills, spectator interest was not too great. In California we'd get much bigger crowds. The only problem is the grass, which makes the best surface.



VICTOR DENNY
President, USTA
Seattle

I have no prejudice. On the Continent, most tennis is played on clay. We will investigate every possible location thoroughly and try to play in locations which will do the most for the game and where we will get the best attendance.

continued



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Tommy Armour



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Address.....

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NOTBOX continued



DR. CHARLES MALIK
President
UN General Assembly
Washington, D.C.

Why change something that is a tradition? I played tennis at the American University of Beirut, at Harvard and after college days, both on grass and clay. I prefer grass. Move the Davis Cup only if grass courts can be guaranteed.



RONALD REAGAN
Movie actor
Hollywood, Calif.

No. In this changing world we should take a second look at traditions before casting them aside. The Rose Bowl wouldn't be the Rose Bowl if you pulled it around. Championship tennis should be played on grass courts.



PEGIE HESTA
Ex-Minister to
Luxembourg
Washington, D.C.

Of course. What's so sacred about the location? The Davis Cup was played in Boston and Brooklyn long before Forest Hills took the championships. So why shouldn't other areas see the Davis Cup match?



KENNETH GIFFORD
Former president and
chairman of board
Schick, Inc.
Bel Harbor, Pa.

Yes. Although it takes years to build a tradition, the fact remains that every sport that is spread around has benefited through increased interest. Hold tennis championships in different places and interest will increase.



BENVILLE MUNNICH
Past president,
USTA
New York

I'm neither in favor nor opposed, but the average football or baseball stadium is not a fit arena for championship tennis. Certain factors are important: the stadium, local organization and facilities, difference in time zones, press coverage, etc.

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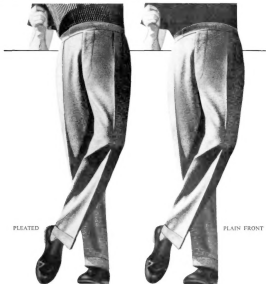
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MEMO *from the publisher*



IF you ask Charles Goren, as many have and more will, "How do you feel about people as kibitzers?" he will look you in your twinkling eye and say, "Best people I know."

If the answer takes you by surprise or you give the least glimmer of not getting his point, he will say further, "How could I possibly teach bridge if I didn't have someone leaning over my shoulder?"

This is by way of introducing this week's illustration, which might be captioned, "How do people feel about Goren as a kibitzer?" For right after Easter hundreds and hundreds of the customers of the Jordan Marsh Company, Boston's largest department store, had their perfect chance to express an opinion on this hardly controversial matter. The general impression was easy to retine by: "Goren is the best kibitzer as know."

It all happened in Jordan Marsh's new and commodious Fashion Centre during a week-long program called *Plus Bridge with Charles Goren*. The daily schedule included bridge parties in which Goren acts as commentator; a Goren lecture followed by a period for questions from the audience; and

bridge parties for the ladies every afternoon, and on Monday and Wednesday evenings for the whole family. At these Goren took on the formidable task of kibitzing some 200 players at once; but to watch him do it, it seemed so simple—and as much fun for the master as for the pupils.

During the pre-Easter week, tickets for party tables were distributed without charge in various sections of the store to customers who came in to request them. To no one's surprise, but certainly to the gratification of both Jordan Marsh and **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, which sponsored Goren's appearance, they were an almost immediate sellout, if such a word describes what's hot.

This was the first time bridge has been the featured event when **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has joined forces with a leading retailer to demonstrate the advantages of selling with sport. But it was only the latest in a long array of marketing innovations **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has had the pleasure of sharing with merchants.

One store official described the program: "As effective as a grand slam, doubled and vulnerable."

John R. P. [Signature]

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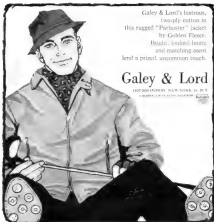


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CAN DO WAGONS



and some help. These wagons have a big 100-hp. 100-in. wheelbase—bigger than most 100-in. wagons. They carry big loads even comfortably. They can do a lot more.

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PLYMOUTH Deluxe Suburban
—one of 10 models



DOODGE Custom Sierra
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for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more

How Chrysler Corporation engineering has built
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There are wagons and wagons. Some designed mostly for looks . . . some for price . . . some for hauling. But anything they can do, these can do better!

For these are the Can Do wagons, engineered to fit the needs of everybody in your family. Here's what we mean:



Performance-winning engines win awards in Mobilgas Economy Run in '57 and '58.

We build 'em big (but thrifty) for dad. Seats fold flat to the floor at a touch, to give you over 35 cubic feet of carrying space in back. Up front, the engines have plenty of brute go-power—but they're penny pinchers too. Chrysler Corporation engines won top honors these past two years in the famous Mobilgas Economy Run.



Pushbutton driving, pushbutton heater and air conditioner—and power steering that works full time (not just on and off).

We build 'em easy-handling for mom. These are the only wagons with pushbutton drive. Touch a button, touch the gas—and go! Constant-Control power steering takes only 1.5 the effort of ordinary

steering. Total-Contact brakes put extra stopping muscle under your feet. Makes it easy to drive like an expert!



Non-fading third seat, is softest ever designed, for kids. Tailgate can only be opened when window is down and can control window electrically from up front.

We build 'em with extra-safe "play room" for youngsters. Third seat faces back. "Tuck the kids in" and they're safe, happy and out of your hair while you drive. (Notice: there's no awkward over-head rear window on our wagons.)



Space lies hidden in the bumper. Out of the way. But easy to get at. You can change (even without) radiating caps.

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Extra safety and convenience for the whole family. Huge wrap-around windshield safety glass all around; steady, dependable electric wipers; safety rim wheels that keep tire from jumping off in blowouts—all are standard equipment.



Exclusive Torsion-Bar design, our wagons ride—and handle—like a luxury sedan. Torsion bar keeps car bumps like there are no bumps. Controls a smooth, controlled ride. And, it's no secret!

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SCOREBOARD

faces in the crowd . . .



NANCY BARNEY, 20-year-old from Indianapolis' Broad Run, W.Va., was named MVP of the 1980-81 season, a testament to being the sport's Nancy Barney in 20-year-old basketball.

JOHN STONE, 30-year-old Army private from Chicago with 10 years of film on hand, took home the 1981-82 Best Actor award, polished off his career with a 1981-82 Best Actor award in Los Angeles.



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world's most distinguished speedboat

CENTURY BOAT COMPANY, BOX 380, MANISTEE, MICHIGAN, Subsidiary of The Corsica Corporation, New York City

HOT IN THE COLD

There was snow in Chicago and rain in New York, but elsewhere the weather was element enough to permit major league baseball its earliest start in history. The April games produced some June performances by old familiar names: Warren Spahn shut out Pittsburgh, and his colleague, Lew Burdette, beat them again the next day. Sam Jones, the odd one, defeated the savior Cardinals, his teammates less than a month ago. Bobbin Roberts and Don Newcombe staged the season's first pitching duel, Roberts winning 2-1. Nellie Fox cracked off his hit on Opening Day, one of those home runs that won the game. There were good performances by younger, newer faces, too: Bob Anderson pitched the Cubs to victory over the Dodgers, Yule Pionun helped Cincinnati beat Pittsburgh on Opening Day, and George Anderson gave the Phils a win with a clutch single. These youngsters, and others, had won their jobs during the two-month training season which preceded Opening Day. Some of them were assigned at jobs from the start. Others had to battle and hope. But none had the challenge, nor the opportunity, that faced a youthful outfielder named Gary Gilger of the Boston Red Sox. If he played well on the Red Sox he relinquished their trip to an Opening Day rendezvous with the Yankees. Gilger would open the season in left field, substituting for the indispensable Ted Williams.

by WALTER BINGHAM

THE RED SOX had spent the week before the opening of the season touring the steaming, dusty towns of Texas with the Chicago Cubs, making one-day stops in Dallas, Fort Worth, Corpus Christi, Victoria and Houston. They traveled in blasting heat, by bus and plane, playing cards, swapping bad jokes, reading newspapers and sleeping. Mostly sleeping. It was a hectic, uncomfortable trip; up early, bus to a ball park, play a game on a field often bumpy and covered with flowers, shower in cold water, dress in crumpled, sticky quarters, and travel on, in the heat, to the next town.

Despite Ted Williams' publicized absence, the ball parks were filled, shirt-sleeved crowds in cowboy hats, string ties and ornamented boots. In the endless stretches beyond the short outfield fences, little Texans waited impatiently for home runs. Each day, when the lineup

Continued



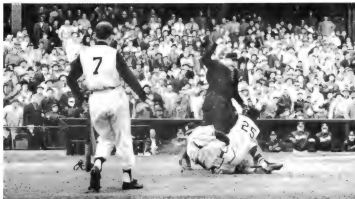
IN BOSTON OR CHILL, TIGERS RACE OUT TO PLAY WHITE SOX ON

BALTIMORE TRIPLE PLAY, first ever made on Opening Day, had Senators' Bob Allison helplessly trapped at second base.





OPENING DAY: WHITE SOX, WHO HAD TERRIBLE START IN 1996, WERE RED-HOT THIS YEAR. (LEFT) CHASE DAVIS, DODGERS



PITTSBURGH GLADIATOR: Pittsburgh's Jason Kendall, who was named MVP of the 1996 season, was named MVP of the 1997 season.

SLIDING INTO A BASE: The Pittsburgh Pirates' Jason Kendall, who was named MVP of the 1996 season, was named MVP of the 1997 season.

were unannounced over the public-address system, the big cheers were reserved for the Texas boys: Jim Bandy, Pete Karmali and Murray Wall.

The hopscotch aspect of the tour, the constant pickup-and-go, made the memory of days just past a bit hazy. Yesterday's hotel room, coffee shop and desk clerk fused with those of the day before, and the day before that. After one game, when the team had gathered in the bus, Tom Dawd, Boston's doughty little traveling secretary, was giving thought to where the team should dine prior to continuing on to Houston for the night.

"Why don't we eat back at the Robert DeLoach?" asked Jerry Casale, a cigar-smoking young pitcher from Brooklyn.

"You mean drive 100 miles, all the way back to Corpus Christi?" one of the players replied.

Casale looked astonished. "Oh, yeah, that's right," he said. "We're in Victoria. I forgot."

For Elijah (Pampos) Green, the first Negro to be included on the Red Sox roster, it was a bitter trip. Since he was not permitted to live in the hotels where the team was staying he roomed with the Negroes on the Cubs and therefore traveled with the Chicago team. ("I'm the foreign correspondent with the Chicago Cubs," he said wryly.) He looked nervous and unsure in the field. At Fort Worth, he threw an easy ground ball high over first base, allowing two runs to score. The next day, at Corpus Christi, he fumbled a double-play ball, finally picked it up and threw it into right field. The day after that, at Victoria, he learned that he was no longer a member of the Red Sox, that he was back in the minors.

BETTER FOR GARY

Life in Texas was considerably more pleasant for Gary Geiger, a lean, quiet youth who was the team stand-out during spring training. Geiger came to the Red Sox via Cleveland, via St. Louis, via Sand Ridge, Ill. (pop.: 125). The Cardinals signed him as a pitcher, age 17, two days after he graduated from high school and handed him off to the depths of their farm system. He pitched for three years and although he won 26 games in the Perry League in 1963 it became apparent that the youngster could swing a bat left-handed better than he could throw a ball right-handed.

He was transferred to the outfield.

"Musical came up that way," Gary was told.

"I know," he said. "Sand Ridge is just 89 miles south of St. Louis. I was always a Cardinal fan."

"Have you tried to pattern yourself after Musial?" he was asked.

"I guess you could say that," he replied.

During spring training with the Cardinals in 1967, Geiger's smooth swing and successful results made him the camp attraction. The Cardinals placed him in Triple A, with Rochester, but he hit only .224, losing faith. St. Louis left him off their major league roster that winter and, to their surprise, he was drafted by Frank Lane of the Cleveland Indians. As a drafted player, he had to spend 1968 in the minors. Again he did not hit well and he sat on the bench for a large portion of the season. Last December, when Lane wanted Boston's center fielder Jimmy Piersall for his own, he offered the Red Sox Vic Wertz in return and, as a dividend, Gary Geiger. Boston accepted, and Geiger, at 21, was playing for his third major league organization.

"I was upset when I had to leave the Cardinals," says Geiger, "upset that they didn't think enough of me to put me on their roster. But this last trade, to Boston, was just fine."

It was as a dividend, a throw-in, that Geiger reported to spring training in Scottsdale, Arizona two months ago. Since he was an outfielder trying to make a team that had Ted Williams and Jackie Jensen as outfielders, plus four others with considerable major league experience, he had, it seemed, little hope of making the team this year. But when the exhibition games began, Geiger hit and kept hitting, better than anyone else on the Red Sox. Still, he might have been cut when the team broke camp had not Ted Williams' out-left field was open, and Geiger had his chance to break into the starting lineup. His play in Texas on the way out to Opening Day would be decisive.

In the first game, in Dallas, Geiger didn't play. The next day he did and got a hit, a topped ground ball which he beat out. That night, standing around the outside of the Staller-Hilton in Dallas, some of the players were kidding Geiger about the hit.

"That's all right," said Geiger. "Sam Dethrow used to pick up a lot of hits like that."

"Yeah," said Maywood Saffrans, the 6-foot 4-inch catcher, "but where is Dethrow today?"

"He had three years in the majors," answered Geiger. "If I got three years in the majors I'll consider myself lucky."

The next morning, a Monday, the team flew to Corpus Christi, 350



IN TEXAS Gary Geiger waits patiently in the Boston locker room for game time.

miles to the south. The hostess on the chartered Bonair plane said, "Welcome, Chicago White Sox," and of course got a loud reaction. Gary played gin rummy with his friend, Herb Maford, a pitcher from Kentucky. Jackie Jensen, who isn't happy in places, spent much of the trip in the cockpit, a cure recommended by one of the pilots.

Geiger wasn't feeling well before the game in Corpus. His stomach ached, he said, so he was not in the starting lineup. A number of the players were ailing, a virus it was thought, and Gary was afraid that he was getting it. Nevertheless, he pinch-hit in the fifth inning and singled sharply to center. He felt better. That night he and three other players ate at a Mexican restaurant, took a walk to the bay and then back to the hotel. In his room Gary ordered a "snack," a salad and a grilled cheese

sandwich, and watched the Academy Award show on television.

On Tuesday, two days before the trip to New York, the team traveled north to Victoria by bus. Gary, feeling poorly again, slept part of the way. Two seats behind him, Dave Fisher, pitcher and Princeton graduate, spent the two hours discussing personal plans. He even had eye-sight and spring training without Ted Williams.

SPRING EXCITEMENT

"There's excitement in the exhibition games when he's around. All of us know that the fans in the small towns have come out to see Williams get a hit. He usually bats only twice in exhibition games. He stands up there and the fans get excited and we can feel their excitement. The question is, will he give the fans their hit? It's uneasy how often he does. That particular excitement is missing this spring."

The game in Victoria lasted 11 innings. Gary Geiger played them all and played them well. In the fifth he almost hit a three-run homer. The ball took off, high and deep. Right Fielder Lee Walls went back to the fence and looked up. But the strong wind took hold of the ball and kept it in the playing field, so much so that Walls finally had to charge forward. The ball fell safely for a single. Defensively Geiger glided over the ground making his plays. Once, when a runner threatened to tag up and advance on a long fly ball, Geiger caught the ball and threw a strike to second, driving the runner back.

After the game there was another long bus ride, this one to Houston. At first the bus was hot, then, as the air conditioning came on, it was drafty. Jim Busby, feverish and coughing fitfully, sprawled across two seats, trying to sleep. Geiger, sitting beside Melrod, slept and talked baseball. It was a miserable three hours and it was not surprising to learn, the next morning, that several of the other players, Frank Malzone and Ike Delock among them, had come down with the bug.

The game in Houston was to be at night, so Gary slept late, then spent the day eating, having his short hair cut even shorter, seeing a movie, Green Mansions, with Melrod (they thought it was awful) and dressing in his room for the game. As it turned out, the game was called off because of rain, the first rain, incidentally, the players had seen in 43 days. That

night Manager Mike Higgins announced his starting lineup for Opening Day. If a right-hander started for the Yankees, Gary Geiger would be in left field for Boston. Casey Stengel announced that Bob Turley, his star right-hander, would be the Yankees' pitcher. Gary Geiger had made it.

Thursday morning, the entire team, except Jensen (who was traveling by train), gathered at the airport in Houston for the plane to take them to New York. Spring training had lasted seven weeks and the players were eager to get going. As the plane left the ground, Vic Wertz gazed out the window and murmured, "Good-bye, Texas, thank God."

Six hours later, Gary Geiger, from Sand Ridge, Ill. (pop.: 125), was in the biggest city in the world. The Sox stayed at the Commodore. "What a lousy place this is," complained one player. "No television in the room. You have to order it special."

Friday, Opening Day, was a meteorological mess. Heavy rains canceled the game. The next day was better, but not good enough. The team went to the Stadium and got into uniform. Geiger wandered out to the dugout, sat on the bench and watched the rain form puddles on the red pebble path that encircles the field.

"Big, isn't it?" said someone, pointing toward the outfield.

"Oh huh," Geiger replied.

"You nervous?" he was asked.

"Oh huh," he answered.

The rain never ceased, and once again Opening Day was postponed. It began to look as though Gary Geiger would be deprived of his chance to open in Yankee Stadium.

Like many small-town boys who find themselves in the big city, Gary stuck reasonably close to the hotel during the two rainy days. He ate (mostly by restaurants) and spent the rest of the time watching television (specially ordered) in his room.

Finally, on Sunday, he got to play his game in Yankee Stadium. Game was the blasting Texas heat, gone were the string ties and ornamented hats, and, of course, gone were the Chicago Cubs. The temperature was in the 80s, the fans wore sweat-soaked and huddled in blankets, and the Yankees . . . well, the Yankees hadn't changed a bit. They beat the Red Sox 3-2 on a late-inning home run. Pitcher Bob Turley gave up only two hits in the game. Gary batted three times and went out three times, the last a strikeout. He did throw Hank Bauer out at third base to stop one Yankee threat.

Summer may find Gary Geiger, like so many spring hopes, back in the minors, getting needed experience. But even so, it is something, at 22, to have opened the season playing in place of Ted Williams in Yankee Stadium.



IN YANKEE STADIUM on Opening Day, Geiger, named the Red Sox starting left fielder for his first play, tags spring trainee Bill Chisholm, grounds out on first at bat.

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Richard Mark

River Oaks: Showcase of Tennis

Houston's lavish invitational tournament is the first big meeting of the season for amateur tennis. Topflight players love to perform at this king-size Texas show.

BROUEN TENNIS in the United States comes out of hibernation each spring in the River Oaks Invitational Tournament at Houston, Texas. This is the first major gathering of the amateur clan—Davis Cup hopefuls and top-ranking stars aiming at the grass-court campaign three months away.

No tournament, not even Wimbledon or Forest Hills, is held in a more opulent atmosphere. This is a Texas show and Texans give it Texas treatment, which means it is king-size and first-class.

The setting is the multimillion-dollar River Oaks Country Club in the heart of the Houston suburb bearing the same name. The vast, sprawling club is fringed with the mansions of men who made their millions in oil and other enterprises, such as cotton, shipping and ranching, in and around this thriving metropolis. Initiation fee in the club is \$10,000, and there's a waiting list from here to San Antonio.

The tournament itself, celebrating its 26th anniversary this year, has seen the passing parade of the tennis elite, from Ellsworth Vines right down through Don Rudge, Betsy Grant, Bobby Riggs, Jack Kramer, Gardner Mulloy, Vic Seixas and Tony Trabert.

The elevated box seats in the picturesque stadium are sold years in advance. The air of wealth is everywhere, but there also is the simple warmth of southern hospitality. Ladies are fashionably dressed in the latest from New York and Paris shops. The men are a curious mixture. Some look as if they had stepped out of a Brooks Brothers show window and others are Texans from their ten-gallon hats down. Giant moss-covered trees and the unusual orange limestone courts paint a colorful backdrop.

The city of Houston has grown remarkably in the past 26 years, and so has this great tournament. It has matured into a highly desirable stop on the tennis circuit. Players beg for invitations. Last Monday Co-chairmen Browne Baker Jr. and Hal Childers and Club Pro Andrew Jitkoil blew the starting whistle to set off this week of the best in amateur tennis.

MOSS-COVERED TREES around wooden stadium form soft, pastoral background for tennis-loving Texans at River Oaks

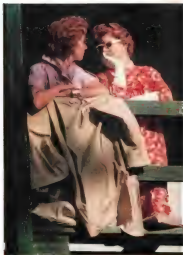




OLD-WORLD elegance of sheltered, tree-shaded boxes contrasts with hotly contested matches on orange-colored limestone court. Here Barry MacKenagross is Luis Ayala of Chile.

COURTSIDE BOXES line the four sides of the center court. Tennis-hungry fans eagerly look down in advance for once-a-year appearances of leading amateurs from all parts of the world.





SMARTLY GLAD Houston socialites make River Oaks Club a center for community social life during tournament week. Husbands join wives late in the afternoon and on weekend. Here Mrs. Giselle Forchell (left) and Mrs. Natasha Bawson chat during ball in matches.





SWIMMERSHIP players Barry MacKay (foreground) and Lane Agha, last year's finalists, change courts on odd game. Heat, humidity are rough on players.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

The Riots

As somebody used to ask, what in the world interests women? Well, competition, for one thing, and last week brought a small, impromptu road race in documentation. Sweeping up to London Thursday night in her gleaming black, chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce, returning from a visit to her sister's castle at Windsor, came Britain's Princess Margaret. Howling along from the airport in her twinkly Mack, chauffeur-driven Hummer came France's Brigitte Bardot into the same stretch of road. And so it befall somehow that, mile after mile, sometimes at speeds up to 80, the two lionesses raced along, with now the Hummer, now the Rolls ahead.

Who won?

The princess, of course. There are limits beyond which even a screen star may not presume. But Brigitte was gallant in defeat. "Most alarming," she said of Margaret. Had the princess recognized her? "I don't know," said R.B., "but she looked at me very hard."

Danger at 180 mph

IN the 10 weeks since its opening, Florida's new Daytona International Speedway has been the scene of seven high-speed spin-outs, two of which were fatal to the drivers (31, March 2; April 13). When Bill France, the president of the Speedway, set out to create the fastest automobile racing track in the world he built better than he knew: the Daytona Speedway makes it possible for Indianapolis-type racing cars to reach—and maintain—speeds (180 mph and up) at which their handling characteristics are unknown and danger factors are enormously multiplied. Sadly Bill France announced the other day that big car competition will be suspended on his new track, and that the 300-mile race scheduled for Independence

Day will be shifted to Durham, N.C.

"We think we have the fastest and safest track in the world here at Daytona," said France, "but it needs a full evaluation. We want the car owners to accept the track as a challenge and do more experimenting with speeds of 180 and more. Between now and next winter—we've got a big car race tentatively set for February—we think they'll find the answers."

"The most critical problem," he went on, "is keeping the wheels on the ground, keeping them in traction. One man here drove two Thunderbirds in sports car races. One had a locked differential and the other had a free one, the kind where one wheel can spin faster than the other."

"With the locked setup, one of the rear wheels has to slide around the

continued



"I'm broken up too, even, but suddenly it all became just too confining."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

curves; in the free one, it doesn't. The free rear-end steered much better.

"Now the big cars use locked differentials. They slide a little at the corners. At Indianapolis, this is fine; it is not a banked track and they don't reach our speeds. Our setup is different here. Maybe we can't afford to slide at 180 miles an hour. Let's investigate it."

There is also, said France, the problem of aerodynamics. A car doing 180 mph in a 10-mile wind is on the verge of being airborne, and devices are needed which will keep it on the ground. There is the problem of fuel consumption—in a 100-mile race the weight over the rear wheels diminishes by 324 pounds. And there is the fact that big car drivers on the Daytona track were not even aware of their enormous speeds.

Economically the new track will suffer little from the suspension of big car racing. Stock car competition will continue, and it is the track's big money-maker anyway. Meanwhile, the owners and designers of Indianapolis-type cars will be welcome to use Daytona for experimental work. Eventually, France hopes, they will work out changes in the big cars which will allow them to set startling new records in safety.

Hurry, Hurry

NO TICKETS, no shirt is the time-honored law of the Chinese laundry; no records, no tickets will be the law of the Rome Olympics. Although

the 1960 Games are still almost a year and a half away, Olympic officials, hotel men and the city fathers of Rome are already bracing themselves for an avalanche of visitors from abroad. Luxury hotels (many of which are already booked solid), private dwellings, motels, schools, religious institutions and trailer camps are all being called upon to lay out welcome mats, but with every potential bed for visitors taken into account the city cannot muster more



than 120,000. Conservative estimates of the number of foreign visitors expected range from 120,000 to 130,000. Hence, no foreign visitor will be allowed to buy a ticket for the Games without proving first that he has a place to sleep.

The Rome Lodging Office (address: Piazza Barberini 21), one of several agencies set up especially to cope with the tourist influx, has already placed reservations for 44,000 people, including 10,000 Americans. Hotels and pensions are booking reservations abroad through 100 or more officially approved travel agencies which will also buy Games tickets (for the U.S.: American Express Co.).

Distrustful as always of the light-hearted Italian way of doing things,

West Germany's travel bureau DER is busy attempting to coral reservations for 300,000 German sports fans. To the casual observer all this might seem to augur a beautiful future for the hotel men and shopkeepers of Rome, as well as those sports fans wise enough to get their reservations in early. But not all Romans were as cheerful. "It's all very well," said one gloomy hotel man last week, "for the Olympic officials to be optimistic about the future. That's all right for them. For us it's a different story. We'll make lots of enemies before this is done."

The Latest with Skiatron

TWIG ups and downs of Skiatron of America, the pay TV concern, are nowhere better reflected than on that outcasted barometer called the stock exchange. Skiatron's stock, for example, tripled to \$9 in 1957 when word first began to leak out that the Los Angeles Dodgers would be Skiatron's partners in West Coast baseball. Since that time, Skiatron stock has had its downs (to 3½) on the discouraging news that it might cost \$30 million to \$40 million to get it started in a single city, and its ups (to 9 again) on reports from the company that pay TV was just a matter of months away.

Last week Skiatron had another such report, specifically that it would begin West Coast closed-circuit television of Dodge and Giant games by April 1, 1960 (not, incidentally, as reported earlier by Skiatron, by July 1, 1959). But at the same time it announced it had entered into an "agreement" for pay TV in other sports, including hockey, boxing, basketball and track, with the Chicago Stadium Corp., James D. Norris, late of the International Boxing Club, chairman.

Skiatron's press relations man couldn't describe the agreement in detail but said it was "probably the most important television-sports pact accomplished this year." Skiatron stock was selling at 9 on Monday when the news was announced. It had risen to 8½ by Friday.

They Said It

NATIONAL SPORTS COUNCIL OF BRAZIL, on direct orders from President Kubitschek, to the touring *Santos* soccer team upon learning that *varzeanense* South Africa had banned four of the team's Negro players: "*Learn that instantly to avoid further affront to Brazilian citizenship and conscience.*"

SAMMY WHITE, Boston Red Sox catcher, rapping a finger at prices on one occasion for the shortage of good men in his specialty: "A kid can get a *fielder's glove* for \$8, but a *good catcher's mitt* costs \$25."

GARRY STERNEL, New York Yankees manager, explaining why he was wearing pajamas under his coarse woolen baseball uniform: "My skin's been itching ever since I shook hands with that Frank Lane Jell."

The Type We Seek

An alumnus has recommended you as an outstanding student athlete. This is the type of individual we seek, to maintain our high educational standards as well as to further our athletic work.

LEWIS QUALLS, the 18-year-old to whom such phrases are addressed from all over the country, is not just the type that basketball coaches look for, but the archetype. He stands just a trifle over 7 feet tall. He is an honor student at Houston's Smiley High School (his I.Q. is 126) and he will graduate this spring. Sixty-four colleges, ranging from Kilgore (Texas) Junior College to lovely Notre Dame, have offered him scholarships.

Richard you will find a questionnaire which I wish you would fill out and return to me of your earliest recollection.

To the basketball coach who gets him Qualls will be hunk and eggs, money in the bank and dreams come true. To the one who has had him for the last four years, Smiley High School's coach, Herbert Beard, he is a sort of handmade marvel. "When I picked him up out of a P.E. class in the eighth grade he was 6 feet 10 inches and weighed 285 pounds," says Beard. "People made fun of him. They said he'd never play ball,



"I'm afraid this isn't even a dozen things about the general man."

teams and we were Three-A." He refers to the Texas Intercollegiate League's system of classifying high schools according to size and resources.)

Qualls's scoring average was a relatively modest 19 points a game. But, says Beard, "we didn't feel Qualls to make him score. We used him for defense, as a rebounder and as a decoy. When you have a boy 7 feet tall and he sticks his hand up and it reaches 8 feet 7, it throws the opposition's shooting off."

We have had a great deal of experience with tall boys here, and they have been very fine basketball players.

"We'd walk in a restaurant or some place and people would look at me like they thought I was crazy," says Lewis Qualls, speaking not of his behavior but of his height. "But I got to where I talked to people and met people and it didn't bother me. They usually ask, 'How's the weather up there?' That gets pretty old. 'Fine' is about all I say."

Qualls is a fair-skinned, crew-cut boy who limits his remarks, whenever possible, to single words like yes, no and fine. The fact that basketball coaches want him the way ordinary men want a Cadillac pleases him but

has not changed his point of view.

I am looking forward to your visiting our admissions office, seeing our campus and enjoying one of the many athletic events available here.

"I'll be a while making up my mind," says Qualls when people ask him which of the 64 schools has the best chance. "I like the idea of those trips." On a recent weekend he visited Austin to see the Texas Relays and the campus of the University of Texas. In the future he will probably visit Oklahoma and Minnesota. "Every one of those invitations he gets," says Coach Beard, "he invites me to go with him. He even wants me to go to Minnesota."

The shrewd planners think Qualls should spend a year in a junior college for seasoning, and then transfer to a university for the major phase of his basketball career. This would give him the best combination of maturity and eligibility. But to this proposal Qualls answers, surprisingly, "No. I'm not going to college just to play basketball. I want an education. I'd rather go to just one school and stay there." He plans to study accounting in college and then enter the business end of the oil

continued



that he was too clumsy. I tried to tell him that those people who were laughing at him would be paying some day to see him play."

They paid. And Qualls repaid them—and Coach Beard—in victories. With Qualls on the squad, Smiley High School won 129 games, lost 27 and won the state championship twice. "And," says Beard, "we had the hardest schedule in the U.S. We never played anything but Four-A

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

industry. He would, naturally, choose a company with an employees' basketball team competing in the high-skilled industrial leagues.

"Clark, I don't mind telling you, this boy simply fascinates me."

Not all basketball coaches agree that Qualls is a finished player—not even all those who have bid for him. "The boy needs more stamina, more coordination, more experience," says one Southwest Conference coach. "His actual value won't be known for another year or two. But you have to reach for him now, because what if he turned out to be a really great player—and what if someone else should get him?"

Facts and Figuring

IF you are reading this, you will be no more surprised than we are at a 4-year-old-going-on-5 magazine: the Washington experts who figure America's cost-of-living trends have just asked Congress for \$4,000,000 for a four-year re-study of the whole basis of their original calculations, which date from 1949.

Since 1949 we Americans have somehow refused to stand still in our habits. We earn a lot more dollars, and in unexpected ways, and spend them in a confusing variety of ways unexpected by the statisticians of 1949. Random items: one-third of the employees of General Electric are now busy making things that did not even exist before World War II. More people live in suburbs and exurbs. There has been a fall-off in the wearing of formal clothes and a big increase in the wearing of sports clothes, including skin-diving equipment.

And the New York Giants live in San Francisco now. We could have told them.

'Inadequate Conditions'

WHEN we left Sir Edmund Hillary, you'll remember, he was leaning back in his chair in Auckland, N.Z., awaiting reply from Peking to his request to pass through Tibet so as to attempt Mt. Everest again on the undrilled north face (SE,

March 30). He has his answer now in a letter dated February 24 which is written in English and has taken an inexpressibly long time getting to Auckland. "We are not able to satisfy your request," the letter says, "due to inadequate conditions."

What the inadequate conditions consist of the note does not say. Perhaps the Chinese foresaw the Tibetan uprising that was to break out a short time later. Or they may have intended an oblique reference to a three-man Russian team which also has designs on the north face. "If that is the case," said Hillary, "it is unlikely I will get permission until the Russians can say they got to the top first."

For the record, Sir Edmund asked the Chinese for permission to climb "Mt. Everest." But Peking does not officially recognize Everest; Sir Edmund was refused permission to climb "Chomulungma"—presumably the way the Panchen Lama spells it.

View from the Terrace

FROM RALPH SANS, his wife and two children, golf was a way of life. But then it could hardly have been otherwise. Their home, in Ramsey, N.J., was a bare 30 feet from the edge of the Ramsey Golf & Country Club course and hard by the third tee. And windows on three sides of the house, facing the fairway and its water hazard, afforded the Sansas a year-round,

sunup-to-sundown view of golf and golfers that even the cabbins don't see.

They could see, for example, the women who teed up their balls in the rough. They could watch, with continuing fascination, the double foursome that played day in and day out, holidays included, weather permitting or not. And, from the comfort of their living room easy chairs, they could witness the occasional "snifter" tournaments in which the winner of each hole was rewarded by temporary possession of the traveling trophy, a bottle of whisky. "They were the best gamblers to watch," said Mrs. Sans. "By the second time around, the leader usually had to cross the bridge over the water hazard on his knees."

But there were other golfing types the Sansas could not view with the same detachment. They were the players whose game was off after only two holes. And faced with an ever-water carry, they demanded complete silence and respect from the Sans family. One day a man dubbed the Sansas' Labrador retriever unconscious. Its bark was distracting, he said.

Another day a woman told Mrs. Sans and the children to be quiet. (They were singing nursery songs in the kitchen.) They watched silently while the woman neatly plunked her shot into the water. And on yet another day a man hooked his ball into the Sans backyard. Furious, he told Mr. Sans to stop sprinkling his lawn because he was "making it muddy."

Four years ago the adult Sansas, golfers themselves but weary of it all, asked the club either to limit playing hours or alter the third hole. The club (to which they belonged) refused. So the Sansas, who had settled before the course was laid out, took the matter to court. And after protracted litigation in three courts, they got the relief they sought from the New Jersey Supreme Court just the other day. But it was really too late. Full up to here with golf and golfers, Ralph Sans, his wife and two children sold the house and moved a good 12 miles away.



Bored In

He trained for his matches
Without much hope:
He slumped on the road work
And slipped the rope.
ROBERT FITCH



ALLIANCE AT THE SUMMIT

IT TOOK a hale and hearty President of the U.S. only five minutes after arriving in Augusta, Georgia last week to pull off his city clothes, pull on his golf togs and get out on the links. Reporters could scarcely remember having seen Ike in better shape, and Doc Snyder push-pushed suggestions that he might overdo. "He needs exercise, not rest," said the White House physician of his boss and principal patient.

From Helsinki, by way of a tabloid newspaper in Hamburg, Germany, came rumors that Moscow's doctors were saying much the same thing to their boss, Nikita Khrushchev. They were, in fact, specifically recommending that he too take up golf; they were, that is, according to the rumor-mongers in Helsinki, who may not know that there is not a single golf course in the Soviet Union.

There are, to be sure, four wood-covered holes of a once fine capitalist course still extant at the Russian (formerly U.S.) embassy in Budapest and the rusty remnants of another

course at the Russian-run Diplomat's Club in Iron Curtain Bucharest, but they are a long way from Moscow.

It seems unlikely, therefore, that Nikita Khrushchev will take his doctors' advice in this respect. If, indeed, they overgave it; and that is a pity. It is a great pity, for whatever the doctors may have had in mind from a medical point of view their suggestion is one which might well point the way to ultimate success at the summit. The picture of Eisenhower and Khrushchev, both stubborn men, glaring at each other in futile disagreement over Berlin is not necessarily an encouraging one. Add to the picture, however, an inviting vista of rolling greens and fairways seen through the conference room window—something like the Augusta scene described in Herbert Wind's story on page 38, "not a cloud in the sky . . . a balmy breeze. . . ." Consider the conference in a new light: the devoted golfing buff and the apprentice just learning the thrill of the long, clean drive and the subtle chip

shot. Presume as well that both are itching to get out and practice.

Under these altered circumstances, the disagreements over Berlin that now hold the world in nervous abeyance might quickly become mere annoyances to the principals involved—annoyances to be settled efficiently and amicably for the sake of more important challenges just beyond the first tee.

Oh, there would be disagreement at the summit all right, as Ike watched in despair while Nikita for perhaps the 48th time dropped his left shoulder at the crucial point of his swing. There would be disagreements as the dictator insisted that he knew better than Ike or even Tommy Armour how to blast that pesky pill out of the sand. But the disagreement would be aimed at a noble rather than an ignoble purpose. Its end result would be alliance against an enemy more terrible and tyrannical than any bomb yet devised—the small white pellet called a golf ball. And all of us might win the game.

SWICK



SIX CREWS OF WASHINGTON VARSITY CANDIDATES WORK THEIR SHELLS THROUGH CHOPPY AFTERNOON WATER ON PORTAGE BAY

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

COAST MUSCLEMEN BEND TO WORK

THE muscular young men on these pages, bending to their work in sturdy concert, are rowmen at the University of Washington (above) and the University of California. For both crews, the rowing season opens this weekend. But of more concern to both is May 9; on that day they meet one another in Seattle in a West Coast rivalry so fierce and traditional that the baseball antagonism between the Los Angeles Dodgers and the San Francisco Giants, by contrast, smacks of a nonaggression pact.

SHOWING STRAIN OF SPORT, CALIFORNIA HOPEFULS DRIVE SHELL OVER WATER



BEAR CREW TAKES SHORT BREAK DURING





NEXT MORNING, UNDER SUN-TOPPED OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS, THE CREWS RACE AGAINST ONE ANOTHER ON LAKE WASHINGTON CANEL

Until the season gets under way, it will be too early to predict how the Washington-California regatta will go. Washington, which sent a victorious crew to Moscow last year, lost all but two men in the first heat through graduation. And in January it lost famed Al Ulbrickson, the Huskies coach who resigned after 32 years. But it gained a strong sophomore team, which, added to the veterans, should give Washington a good if not a great team. "But we have to get down to cases," said Coach Philip

Levenson one morning last week before a 5 o'clock practice on Seattle's Lake Union. "With the possibility of bad weather and powerboats on the lake in the afternoon, there isn't much time." As the shells moved off, Levenson reminded: "One month from today, California!"

Some 600 miles to the south in Berkeley, the California crew shows signs of resurging. After poor seasons in the early '50s, the Bears beat strong Wisconsin in 1967 and 1968. And last year's good sophomore squad

returns almost intact. Beyond that is the determination of all on the crew to beat Washington as a parting tribute to Ky Elbright, California coach for 35 years, who retires in July.

Elbright, of course, would not mind a bit. And as the California practice shells cut through Oakland Estuary one day last week, sliding across the bows of merchantmen and past the oil tanks on the shore, Elbright shouted instructions from his launch, reminding in his own words: One month from today, Washington!



10-MILE WORKOUT ON OAKLAND ESTUARY



COCKSWAIN SHOUT STRIKE TO CREW AS TWO OIL BOATS PASS PAST ON TANKS

BACHELORS OF BOXING'S ARTS

By ALBERT M. JACOBI

BIGGIE MUMF, a man who has been around sports for a few years, said it was one of the greatest sports shows he had ever seen. Michigan State's athletic director and physical education head had just sat on the edge of his chair through 16 tumultuous semifinal bouts of the NCAA boxing tournament at the University of Nevada. Even the next night's finals, earning though they were, could not match the memorable action of the semifinals.

Next day six out of seven coaches, assembled from some 20 colleges which recognize boxing as a sport, agreed that one semifinal bout, which pitted Washington State's Jesse Klinkenberg and the vaunted Jim Flood of Sacramento State in the 166-pound class, was the greatest fight in NCAA championship history. Through the three two-minute rounds it was toe-to-toe, each boy hammering with devastating skill and accuracy, each gaining in determination as the fight progressed and blood spattered from his heavily padded gloves. It was a major six minutes, one of those rare occasions when athletes transcend their normal abilities.

Klinkenberg, who is an Alaska Indian, won and then, next night in the finals, lost a controversially routine bout to Charles Mohr of Wisconsin. But Klinkenberg was rewarded with the tournament's trophy for sportsmanship as Mohr took the title and the "outstanding boxer" trophy.

The crowd—mostly Nevada partisans, naturally—had other wild moments on the three nights of the tournament but none wilder than when it shook the gym, filled to its 4,500 capacity, with hysterical roars as another Indian lad, this time a Navaho, brought Nevada its first NCAA championship in history. Joe Blim, a 135-pounder, outgrossed and outbaggied clever Duane Whitmore of Washington State and so became immortal in the annals of his college.

San Jose State, coached by Julie Menendez, retained its team title, winning in two divisions and piling up 24 points. It suffered an upset loss of the heavyweight championship to Hal Epsy of Idaho State, which placed second.

"It was tremendous," said Biggie Mumf. "I can't think of 10 of those fights which would be 10 times better than anything you see on TV."

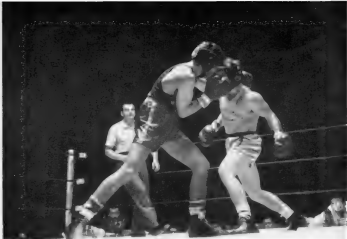
Some representatives of TV's *Wednesday Night Fights* were impressed, too. They offered \$12,000 to televise next year's finals and the coaches, totting up a mere \$1,999 in their lean treasury, decided to seek NCAA approval.



INDIAN JOE BLIM (RIGHT) DEFEATED FRENCH MARTIN OF CALIFORNIA POLY

WALT HALEY OF CAL POLY OUTBOXED GLENNE DOWNS OF CHICO STATE





MIKE EGG, KANSAS, DEFEATED JIM FLOOD, SACRAMENTO STATE, IN HISTORIC BOSS FIGHT

SON WICKS OF SAN JOSE STATE (LEFT) ADVANCED TO FINALS AFTER DEFEATING GERALD BERRY OF CALIFORNIA POLY



MIDDLE WEST MEETS MIDDLE EAST

Jordan's king, an Easterner with western ideas, enjoys a Chicago suburban weekend

REDYARD KIPLING may have thought it couldn't be done, but the Easterners of his day here little resemble to the young man pictured here. King Hussein of Jordan, one of the best friends the U.S. has in the Arab world, not only looks like a young hot-rodder but acts like one at times. In California he happily flew an Air Force jet at more than twice the speed of sound. Prevented by snow from visiting the Air Force Academy, he cheerfully suggested they drop him in by parachute. The suggestion was not taken up.

These pictures show Hussein in moments of relative relaxation last week at Oak Brook, the 3,000-acre Hinsdale estate of Chicago Paper Millionaire Paul Butler, whose son Michael is an old friend of the young King and a fellow sports-car buff. On the way to Oak Brook, Hussein got a chance to study U.S. highway construction at the speeds he likes best as the senior Butler's brand-new Bentley convertible whipped him along Chicago's turnpike at upward of 75 mph. Soon afterward, along with some 20 carefully sifted guests, the King got a look at some of his polo playing host's magnificent mounts and proved that as a horseman he is all his Arab ancestors could wish. "Keep her back, keep her back," the alarmed Butlers shouted to his groom as the King approached one skittish mare in the training ring, but Hussein stroled purposefully forward and in a moment had the lively lady under complete and adoring control.

A lesson from Wyatt Earp's alter ego Hugh O'Brian in the art of the quick draw; an intriguing, 30-minute ride in beer-and-baseball man August Busch's timber land yacht; a pheasant shoot; and a hunt ball, at which the tireless, energetic King whirled one after another of the fairest ladies of the Midwest around the floor to endlessly repeated melodies from *My Fair Lady*, completed his rest,



ROYAL HUNTERSMAN HUSSEIN CAREFULLY LEADS HIS BIRD. HE GOT TWO PHEASANTS



IN THE TROPHY ROOM of the Butler stables, where the rich arenas of the horse ring mingle with the accents of society, silver polish and well-rubbed leather, Host Paul Butler shows royal visitor his gold trophies as son Michael Butler looks on. Michael knew the King in Jordan and was the one who actually sent the cable urging him to drop in for the weekend.

ON THE TRAINING WING, just off the tack room, the King and TV horse operator Hugh O'Brian vie for the attentions of Shock Up, a lady who came near living up to her name when the King first approached. Within seconds, however, the young man whose ancestors practically invented horses had the recalcitrant mare whickering happily on his touch.



THE PICTURE ON PURPOSEFULNESS, ART WALL SURRENS NEXT TESTING HOLE AT AUGUSTA NATIONAL

HISTORIC MASTERS

Huge crowds at Augusta ushered in a new era in golf, and a new high in stretch drives was set by Art Wall with five birdies

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

SINCE its genesis in 1934, the Masters golf tournament has produced, almost annually, extraordinarily exciting finishes. One only has to say the names Horton Smith, Gene Sarazen, Byron Nelson, Ralph Guldahl, Jimmy Demaret, Ben Hogan, Sam Snead, Billy Joe Patton, Jack Burke, Arnold Palmer—and the multitude of Masters-oriented fans can immediately fill you in on the year and the manner in which each of the above cut loose with a closing rush which sometimes nailed down a triumph once and for all and at other times all but turned the shape of the tournament inside out. As those who read Bob Jones's close-up description of the Augusta National (SI, April 6) know, it is the implicit strategy of the 18 holes—and especially of the second nine on which water hazards stretch before or skirt on fewer than five of the greens—which evokes the spectacular. On the last day particularly, a challenger in pursuit of the leader must take his chances and the leader can make no sizable error, for no course, unless it be St. An-

draws, rewards the successful bold stroke with such an instant dividend or punishes a poor stroke at a crucial spot with the crushing all-but-finality with which the Augusta National does.

It is safe to say that even the Masters has never seen so sustainedly spectacular a finish as Art Wall put on in cooing ferns out of nowhere to win this year's event. As everyone knows, Wall birdied five of the last six holes. Even in this day when the somewhat less than startling requirements of many circuit courses have brought sort of a Gresham's law into golf scores and made incredible clusters of birdies seem credible indeed, to play the 67th, 68th, 69th, 71st and 72nd holes of any tournament in birdies still evokes the imagination. To manage such a sequence over a course like the Augusta National and under the accumulating pressure of a major competition—why, unless it were already done and written into history, one would scoff at it as being as improbable as the feats of the Merriwell boys and as never-never

as the daydreams of Walter Mitty.

There have been quite a few Masters, however, it should be said before proceeding farther, which have just moved along from start to finish without there being any unusually dramatic moments above and beyond the quiet and steady drama always afforded when fine golfers play fine shots on fine holes. This is all anyone really has a right to ask of a golf tournament. If you like golf, it is satisfaction and enjoyment aplenty. For the first three rounds, the 1959 Masters was that kind of a tournament. On the fourth and final day, moreover, nothing out of the ordinary happened either as the hours wore on, and the leader, Arnold Palmer, to be followed some 25 minutes later by his closest pursuers, Stan Leonard and Cary Middlecott, approached that bend in the course which has so often been fateful—the corner where the 155-yard 12th crosses Rae's Creek and where the beautiful 13th, a 475-yard par 5 doglegging to the left, swings back and twice crosses a narrow arm of Rae's Creek. It was at this corner last year, to be sure, that Palmer in effect won the tournament, eagling the 11th with three stalwart shots despite the anxiety of not knowing whether, after that famous

—WICK STEIN

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Now at 10¢ a 10¢ can, 5¢ a 5¢ can.*

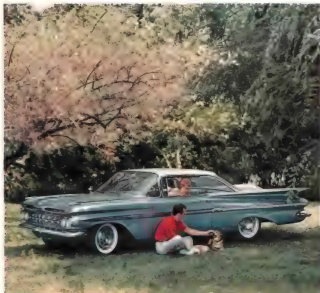


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Sweeping windowsills and bigger windows — all of Safety Plate Glass.

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Hi-Tech too — up to 10% more miles per gallon and faster performance.

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wanted for all its worth!*



Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan

imbedded-ball controversy on the 12th, he would eventually be accorded a 3 on a 5 on that hole.

It was about this time in the afternoon that many old Augusta hands began to feel restless. There was no logical reason why anything had to happen, but, at the same time, the 1929 Masters, they felt, had been almost too pacific. It would be much more like the Masters if something suddenly exploded, someplace on the course. Even as they were rummaging in this abstract vein, it happened, right in front of them. Palmer mis-hit his six-iron to the short 12th just a shade—hit it a little fast so that the drive he was playing for didn't take. The ball splashed into the creek about four feet short of the abrupt bank before the green. He dropped before the creek and from the spongy ground played his third a bit too firmly. It bounced over the shallow green and into the rough behind the apron, incidentally close to the spot where his ball had been imbedded a year before. More to the point, Palmer's third finished in a chummy lie. When Arnold jabbed it out, it jumped well off-line to the left and he was faced with a nine-footer, which he missed. 26. At that stage in the tournament, the biggest 6 you can imagine. It completely washed away Palmer's comfortable lead.

And then everything began to happen, all over the place. To begin with, Palmer, who is a wonderful athlete, with the resources of self-control and heart that mark a champion, immediately composed himself and played a superb birdie 4 on the 13th. . . . Quick computations by all the bookkeepers present in terms of how Palmer now stands with Leonard (out in 29) and Middlecoff (out in 27). He's even with Middlecoff and ahead of Leonard. He has par in for 286, keeping in mind, as always at Augusta, that the 15th as well as the 13th is an eminently birdieable par 3 and, moreover, that the wind is with the players on both holes. . . . A quick check at the scoreboard behind the 12th tee. Billy Mussell, whom no one has thought about, has ripped off four

straight birdies and is at the 17th tee with par in for 286. And what is this! Another early starter, Dick Mayer, completely unconsidered, has closed with a 68 for a total of 287. A burst of shouting from the 13th green where in the shadowed distance Wall has holed a 15-footer for his birdie. Out in 34, he has picked up a lot of strokes on the leaders (despite a bogey on the 16th) but not enough to be truly in contention. . . . Another look at Palmer, on the 14th, hitting the cup with his run-up chip from below a swirling dip and holing a four-footer for his par with confidence. Back to the 11th, Middlecoff and Leonard, traveling at Middlecoff's attenuated pace, having at length arrived there. A par 4 for Leonard. A 5 for Middlecoff when he misses from five feet. On the 12th a lovely shot by Leonard to within eight feet of the pin—a wonderful chance for his birdie. An iron by Middlecoff that is a little too strong. The punctuation of a wild shout from the 14th green. Wall has holed a long one for another birdie, the grapevine explains. Now he may have an outside chance. . . . A trip to the scoreboard and more hurried computations. Palmer has indeed picked up his birdie on the 13th. He has par in for 285. Wall—par in for 287. Middlecoff, recovering neatly for his 3 on the 12th, has par in for 287. Leonard,

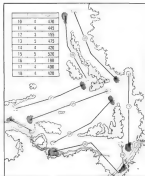
after missing his bid on the 12th, par in for 287.

So on and on it went. When the 1929 Masters erupted, it erupted all over the place and kept on erupting the rest of the long afternoon, turning the spectators into ambulant mathematicians as they scurried from fairway to fairway trying to watch four men at one time and keep track of how they stood, while inside the wide roped-off fairways the contending players, looking a little larger than life, moved expressively from hole to hole on the long journey home. On the 17th Palmer was to lose part of what he had retrieved when he missed a three-footer for his par, and on the 18th he was to miss a vital birdie putt from four feet; Wall was to keep on coming, coming, coming with never a letup in his unbelievable rush until he stood as the man to beat when he came to the 18th tee; Leonard, merely in need of birdies, was to be able to muster no more of them after barely missing an eagle from 12 feet on the 18th; and Middlecoff, always so terrific when the TV camera is recording his play, was to provide the final dramatic moments by eagling the 15th and then failing by the smallest margins on the last three holes to pick up the one birdie he then needed to tie with Wall. I wonder if there has ever been so heavy a storm of brilliant tournament golf after so protracted a calm.

Art Wall's finish of birdie, birdie, birdie, par, birdie, birdie has no parallel in a major American tournament and probably in any major tournament. We will come back shortly to a more detailed description, but there are a few other aspects of the recent Masters which prompt some comment so let us turn to them for the moment.

First, there is the matter of "the cut." Until 1957, as you may remember, all the contestants in the Masters played the full four rounds. That spring, however, the tournament introduced a change of format: only the players with the low 40 scores (plus ties) at the end of the first 36 holes would qualify for the last 36. That last year a fairly large number of name-players, among them Hogan and Middlecoff, failed

continued



ON DRAMATIC AND ABSENCE scored nine at Augusta the 1929 Masters, like many predecessors, was decided.

to survive the cutoff, and quite a hue and cry was raised both by the competing field and the spectators. Last year hardly any of the stars of the first magnitude were eliminated by the cutoff score of 118, and, largely because of this, the controversy over the wisdom of reducing the field abated to mild and glancing opinions. This year the cut lopped off three players who had been viewed as possible factors in the winning or losing of the Masters, Ken Venturi, Billy Casper and Jimmy Demaret. The tournament found them far off their best form, and in Venturi's case, the young man, it appeared, might have done himself a disservice by "pointing too hard and too steadily" for this championship he has set his heart on winning. However, despite the fact that the star casualties were low, no one, not even the players who made the cut, was happy about its existence.

A brief look at the scores on the halfway mark helps one to understand this strong anti-cut sentiment. The leader after the first two rounds was Arnold Palmer with a total of 141 which gave him a two-stroke margin over the second man, Stan Leonard, the sturdy Canadian veteran. Behind them seven players were grouped at 144, eight more at 145, three at 146, seven at 147, 19 at 148, and the final five at 149. This is pretty close packing. The last qualifiers were separated from first place by only eight shots and separated from third by only five shots. Since quite a few golf tournaments have been won by men who have come from 10 or more shots off the pace on the last two rounds—Art Wall was to make up a full eight shots on Palmer and nine on Leonard on the last round alone—the cut seemed much too drastic. In any event, we had the unique situation this year where each of the 42 players who qualified for the last two rounds was a very possible winner, and it could be argued with reasonableness that quite a number of players who missed the 40-and-ties cut were authentically far from out of contention.

If there must be a cut in the Masters, surely it would be an improvement if it were relaxed somewhat, to qualify for the last 36 holes, say, the low 60 scores plus five. This is the pattern which the National Open employs. Of course, the moment you mention the Open, it makes you wonder whether any cut in the Masters is



PLAYING EARLY ROUNDS OF TOURNAMENT ART WALL WAS VIRTUALLY UNWATCHED

necessary or salutary. In the Open the field has to be cut after 36 holes because on the third and final day the remaining field plays 36 holes and there just isn't time or room for more players to complete two rounds. The Masters, on the other hand, is a leisurely four-day affair, 18 holes a day. There is ample time on the Saturday and Sunday, just as there is on the Thursday and Friday for the whole field to play, unburied, for the Masters begins with a select field of less than a hundred. (150 will start in the Open.) All the contestants in the Masters would welcome the chance to play the full four rounds even if this meant a very early dew-sweeping starting time on the last two days for those way out of the running. The older champions, the Saranens and Picards and Woods and Shutes, feel as keenly about this as do the youngsters and the absence of the heroes of earlier decades on the last two days is not a small point, for it is their active presence which has given the Masters its special flavor and made it much more than simply a very fine tournament.

A CONSERVATIVE FUTURE

It also occurred to many of us that play at the Masters on the first two days will probably become increasingly conservative as long as the stringent cutoff prevails. The Augusta National layout, as you know, has quite a number of holes where the player who accepts a reasonable gamble and pulls it off with a first-rate shot can profit handsomely. On the first two days this year, with the possibility of missing the cut starting them so steadily in the eye, few players were of a mind to depart from cautious tactics. The

ubiquitously restrained play that resulted took a little of the sparkle and dash away from the tournament, for what is the essence of the Masters if it isn't seeing the great golfers unburied in a fairway weed or a long iron over the creek to the 13th or over the pond to the 15th when the rumpus are somewhat favorable! On the first two days the only real runs were made by players who were in trouble, and it is more than coincidence that the lowest round on the second day was a 68 by Dow Finsterwald who, after an opening 78, knew he would have to be 70 or better to get in.

The main reason for instituting the cut in the first place, it appears, was to facilitate the proper televising of the tournament: with a reduced field, it is a bit easier to arrange for the contending players to arrive at the televised holes—the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th—at the appointed time. Now television, of course, is nothing less than the best thing since the invention of movable type. If you cannot attend a sports event—and, quite often, even when you can—few things in the world are as pleasure-giving as watching it at home, seeing it all and so well. (This year's coverage of the Masters, I am told, was exceedingly good.) However, in truth, if the full field at the Masters were to play on the last two days, as long as starting times were handled intelligently it really would not impede contenders from arriving on camera at air time.

It is a little difficult to write in this critical vein about the Masters, for only the Open has a similar worth and even the Open cannot approach its charm, and the affection one feels for it goes deep within. However, the

continued

Panatela Profiles

by Robt. Burns

A characterization



Al Hampel—stockbroker—father of four—ranch home Westport, Conn.—married secretary who "now dictates to me"—easily identified by red Austin Healy—likes smoking on sporty side, too—chooses from Robt. Burns Panatelas.



Many leisure hours spent "relaxing" Carl likes—treasures vast collection of Brady prints—fond of Bruce Catton's works—like General Grant, loves fine cigars—regards Robt. Burns Panatelas mildest on market.

Converted by wife to ballet, now ardent fan—thinks Royal Ballet's "Swan Lake" the most beautiful thing in the theatre—loves listening to ballet music on new stereo outfit and puffing on a Robt. Burns Panatela.



Vacations with family on dude ranch—still prefers his Healy to a horse—but proud of daughter Susan's equestrian flair—feels her riding master well qualified because he knows horses...and cigars—guess which brand he smokes?

Robt. Burns Panatela De Luxe—2 for 27¢. Other distinctive shapes: 2 for 25¢—15¢ each—3 for 50¢—25¢ each.

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men who run the Masters have always taken exquisite pains to study its every aspect and to remedy the few weaknesses which show themselves, and I am sure they are already giving their attention to this whole business of the cutoff. The Saturday of the recent Masters—this is not a bad place to say it—must have been one of the most satisfying days in their lives. It was a glorious spring day, not a cloud in the sky and with a balmy breeze moving across fairways, bright green with rye grass, and stirring the pinkish-lavender blossoms of the Judas trees, the white of the dogwood, and the purples and reds of the azaleas. On this day, into the course spilled the largest crowd that has ever watched a golf tournament in this country. It is hard to estimate how many thousands were there—the Masters gives out no attendance figures—but the multitude far exceeded, despite the grandly inflated figures George May annually released, the vaunted attendance at the Turn 67Shanty. Some 15,000 or so cars (ranging an average of three persons) were reportedly parked, so there may well have been 40,000 to 50,000 people

on hand. They came, of course, in the gayest clothes and the wildest headgear, prepared for the long day's watching with portable light aluminum chairs and folding wooden chairs, and they so quickly devoured the food on the promise that an emergency call went out to all the eating places in Augusta to get to work and roll out as many sandwiches as they could for immediate shipment. Only a few years back, a crowd of 15,000 on an Augusta Saturday was deemed immense. But a new era of golf is at hand, an era in which the game looks like it will keep on growing until it becomes the national game in the way baseball was in the first decades of this century, and more so, played and watched by many, many millions. On the Saturday of the 1959 Masters, the new era arrived.

Another 25,000 or so spectators were on hand for the final day, another beauty. Wall (73-74-71-218) was off at 1:51, two twosomes behind Palmer (71-74-71-212) and one two some ahead of the co-leader Leonard (69-74-69-212) paired with Middledoff who, after a splendid 68 on his third round, stood a stroke off the pace at 218. Wall was off fast. He birdied the first (400 yards) when he

put an eight-iron 15 feet from the hole and followed with another birdie on the long 2nd, exploding to within two feet from the trap before the green. Another great trap shot on the short 4th saved his par there. Trapped again on the 7th (345 yards), he came out five feet from the cup on that slippery green but missed the putt. Still another elegant trap shot on the long 8th (580 yards) left him a one-foot tap for his birdie. He turned in 34, two under, but at this point Wall's chances were dim indeed, for Palmer had turned in 36—the seventh consecutive stretch of nine holes, incidentally, in which he had equaled or beaten par. When Wall three-putted from 25 feet on the 10th, his chances became even dimmer, but then came Palmer's 6 on the 12th and with it a renaissance of hope for all his challengers. When, an hour later, Palmer was unlucky enough to miss short putts on the last two greens, it transformed what had seemed a gallant but forlorn chase for Wall into a historic winning effort.

After careful pines on the 11th and 12th, Wall began his impetuous procession of birdies on the 13th hole. A large drive which hopped around the

JACKSON

ART WALL'S BATTER-UP GRIP

Ever since the late Harry Vardon popularized it—by winning six British and one U.S. Open—golfers everywhere have believed in the overlapping grip. Even in the U.S., where small boys know instinctively how to grab a baseball bat, it was widely felt no golfer could succeed without the Vardon.

Art Wall Jr. was one player who started golfing by simply picking up a club like a pinch hitter on his way to the plate. When he turned pro, rivals couldn't believe their good luck, although two of them took pity and wired him up. Get rid of that messy grip, they told him, you won't get anywhere with it.

Art—and it has now gotten to the top of the golf pile, and the strongest present likelihood is that golf will soon be full of characters clutching at two shots like a batter going after a low, outside curve. Wall doesn't feel this will hurt golf at all. He especially recommends his grip for women and men with small hands. It's more natural, less tense, requires less wrist action. The drawings on the right show Wall's Ray Stevens, top; Wall, bottom; show it isn't a true baseball grip. Wall has both thumbs on the shaft.

P.S. It's apt to generate a hook. But then, what isn't?



ART WALL ON THE TEA

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corner enabled him to clear the creek guarding the green with a four-iron, but he still had to get down in two from 40 feet. His first putt was 12 feet short. His second hung on the lip of the cup for tantalizing seconds, and Wall, who can look as care-free as Sam Hayward, had already started grinning up to the ball when it toppled in. On the 14th, 420 yards to one of the National's fastest and most convoluted greens, he was on the back apron, 22 feet past the pin, with his seven-iron approach. He used his putter and holed for his birdie. Now he had the glimmerings of a chance, and on the long 15th he enhanced it: he was on in two with a strong two-iron and barely missed his eagle when his first putt hit a corner of the cup and spun out. On to the short 16th, flared, with the pin set at the far left-hand edge of the green perilously close to the fringing water, he chose to play a safe five-iron for the middle of the green, drawing it only the slightest bit. He rolled his approach putt from 40 feet near to the cup and made his par. On to the 17th, a 400-yard 4 with the pin set behind the frontal trap which wedges itself deeply into the green. Wall threw out himself up for another crack at a birdie by planting a six-iron 15 feet from the hole. He made that one, too. It was then and only then that the enormity of what he had accomplished and could accomplish became clear to him. "That's where I learned, on the 15th tee," he later said, "that Arnold was in with 286 and if I could make a par, it might all be mine."

On the home hole, 420 yards, uphill, Wall hit his audacious drive of the tournament. It left him only a nine-iron. The pin, located on the front lower level of the green, was (as Wall put it) in "an inviting position," and he went for it. His nine-iron landed on the front apron and finished 12 feet below the cup. He had two putts for a total of 285, which would beat Palmer's total by one, but any thought of playing for two putts had vanished when, on his way to the green, he had heard a terrific roar emanate from the 15th green and guessed correctly that it was Middlecoff up again to something characteristically flamboyant. The more Wall studied his 12-footer, the more it looked as if the putt broke both left and right. He decided to play it right for the hole. It went straight in. This final birdie gave him

a 65 and a total of 284 and, eventually, his one-shot edge on Middlecoff who could not quite summon the one more birdie he needed after his eagle on the 15th, though Cary certainly gave it a tremendous go.

MORE THAN A PUTTER

As hardly needs to be stated, the new Masters champion is a marvelous putter and has long been recognized as such. He is an adroit on contoured greens as on the flatish circuit ones because he putts what might be called a very "slow" ball—that is, compared with tapper putters, he seems to stroke his ball, even on short putts, in a way that takes into consideration the full effect of the roll of the green. For several seasons now,



FIRST MAJOR victory at Augusta Masters left Art Wall exuberant but exhilarated.

though this has not been widely enough appreciated, he has been one of the strongest iron-players in the professional ranks. In this connection, he has a remarkable gift for judging distance, as good as anyone in the game. His major weakness for a long time, though he has corrected it substantially the last two years, has been his driving, for, with his baseball grip, he has been subject to spells of hooking. Art has never been a really stylish player, not compared with the fluid swingers among his colleagues. On his backswing he thrusts his left arm and shoulder laterally back a little more pronouncedly than the copybook dictates. On his hit-through, the corollary obtains: there is a decided forward thrust of the right arm and shoulder. Fundamentally, however, Wall's is a very good method because it is so functional

and unaffected. He has always been an interesting player to watch because he really cracks his middle irons with deliberation and plays his short pitches with such delicate, unobtrusive timing he gives you the impression he is working with an old wooden-shafted masher-masher and waiting for that clubhouse.

As the top money-winner this winter, Wall, as the pro caravan made its way eastward from California, found himself sought out by the photographers at each new stop for long sessions of picture-taking. "Look, fellows," he would say, "you've got enough shots of me and you're neglecting all the other players." The circling he was suddenly assailed was a genuine concern to Wall. For many years, as just another good golfer and then later as the most underrated golfer on the tour, he had received hardly any attention and he knows how much a little recognition can mean to a man who is getting none. In the last two seasons he has become more confident in several directions—sure of his ability to play good golf; relaxed and pleasantly talkative on and around the golf course, especially compared to the interferences that enveloped him earlier in his career; far more outgoing away from the course without losing a speck of his valid modesty and the invariable courteousness which have always been so appealing a part of his makeup. Few professionals have a truer regard for their colleagues or their colleagues' skill or, for that matter, for golf.

Art Wall—or to be more exact, Arthur Jonathan Wall Jr.—is the son of the veteran representative from Wayne County to the Pennsylvania legislature. The family's home town is Hazensdale, which is about 40 miles from Pottsville Manor, where Art is the playing professional. Now 35, he has been close to golf since boyhood. During the war he served in the Air Force for three years, then went to Duke on the G.I. Bill of Rights, and in 1949 shortly after his graduation turned professional. There is a deep core of determination in him and it is this quality which has underwritten his continuous improvement as a tournament golfer and which fired him at Augusta, even when his chances looked hopeless, to give it everything and keep going. The finish he produced, of course, will be remembered as long as golf is played.

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Part IV: TOMMY ARMOUR

'MY BRAINS—AND YOUR MUSCLES!'

This is the last of four lessons on how to play a golf course, adapted from the full-length book "A Round of Golf with Tommy Armour," which has just been published by Nieman and Schuster (\$2.98). Bill, a midwestern golfer who had become so discouraged by his game that he was about to quit forever, was persuaded by Armour to try one final round as his partner in a friendly barroom. Tommy told Bill that the real reason he was so bad was because he

didn't use his brains on a golf course. Bill agreed to try a round in which he used his muscles, but Tommy did the thinking for him. After some early heartbreaks and some triumphs, Bill was playing better than ever before. On the eighth, a long par 4, Bill teed his second shot into the rough short of the green. He pulled a nine-iron out of his bag. Tommy was afraid he might try to scoop the ball up in an attempt to clear the bunker guarding the green,

DURING my teens, Bill played this one as it should be played. He took an open stance, with the ball off the right foot and his weight accented on his left foot. When you do this and keep the left arm straight as you're swinging, the wrist hinge pretty much automatically.

Something else that Bill did right was hitting down at the ball as the

left of the club face could smack the ball up. He also made the club go through the shot and toward the flag. The ordinary hacker digs into the ground behind the ball and stops hitting. There is hope but no purpose to that sort of a shot.

Bill's shot was quite an achievement. If he'd missed it the error would have been caused by one of those myo-

terious fractions of an inch for which there is no accounting. But the procedure in this case was as perfect as one could expect. The ball went about 25 feet past the hole. A shot like that going boldly past the hole is intelligently played. It has been given a chance. Let me repeat something I've said and written many times for the

continued

© LARRY GREENGLASS

benefit of 88% of golfers: Don't worry about applying "stop" to approach shots but think about hitting them up to or past the hole.

Usually golfers forget that the high trajectory of shots made with the short clubs will cut down distance. On shots made with eight- or nine-irons or wedges you'd better shoot

much brain capacity as the greatest golfer—maybe more—but you still haven't much of an idea how to employ your brains in playing golf."

For years I have been seeing 75-shooting professionals and amateurs who know how to hit the ball but who don't know much more about how to play golf than I know about atomic fusion. Any unusual problem of tactics or competitive pressure defeats

brutally hard but I did want him to learn to play golf with an active and educated mind instead of merely walking around and pounding a stick at a ball senselessly.

Without being conscious of it I'd possibly been a bit too sharp with Bill. That hadn't made things easier for either one of us but we both were lucky in understanding each other. Bill realized that he represented a challenge to my pride in showing myself and him that I was able to teach him how to play better golf. I felt that Bill, like so many other very successful businessmen, had been pampered at his golf. He hadn't been taught sternly so he would be encouraged to learn something by himself. Instead he had fallen into the routine of depending on a professional who had been attempting the impossible job of turning him into counterpart of a first-class game.

From being a fellow who'd wanted to quit the game and who had to be almost strangled to the first tee, Bill now had become cocky and avid. His cheering performances on the sixth and eighth holes had given golf a new look to him.

Here at the ninth tee he stood like almost Cortez with eagle eyes as he stared at a 550-yard hole. The wind was pushing into him. With distance, wind, a narrow fairway bordered by bunkers on the right, and a green tightly trapped all united against him, Bill began to realize that he was up for a harsh examination. He shook his head.

"What do you think about this one, Tommy?"

"It's your turn to think. You've played two fine holes out of eight so far, now see if you can play two consecutively."

"Yeah, but this is the toughest par 5 on the course."

"I know it. I can read the distances on the card."

"The fifth is a bit longer. But look at those bunkers. They don't show on the card but my clubs can see them."

"The only help I'll give you right now is to mention to you that at long holes it has been the habit of fools for centuries to hit the ball hard, and for the same centuries and at the same long holes the experts have hit the ball easy. I can tell you from my own experience that I have made a considerable amount of money and won a collection of important championships by hitting the ball easy.



for the flag rather than for the hole.

He lined up his putt, figured the slope wisely and made a flowing stroke without his head or body moving. The ball stopped only a couple of inches away and on the proper side of the hole. He tapped that short one in and glowed with satisfaction as he stood up with the ball in his hand.

"I'll make no complaints about rickling up that 5; the champions don't do it much better," he boasted.

"Comparatively, you played the hole better than many experts," I told him. "That hole, with the wind against you, is a par 5 for your kind of golf. Now do you know how you got it or was it just a case of heaven helping you five times in succession?"

Bill vehemently declared, "Certainly I know how I got that par. I played five perfectly hit shots."

I put my hand on his shoulder. "Take it easy, champ. And let me tell you you've confirmed what I suspected. You've still got a lot to learn, so in your moment of glory don't lose sight of the main objectives."

"Which are?" asked Bill.

"First, to hit fewer bad shots and, second, to learn to use correctly the shots that you do know how to play. Both purposes are more matters of mentality than they are of muscle. I would say that you probably have as

these fellows, who are solely mechanics at the game.

Times without number I have seen young men on practice tees—tournament circuit contestants—who can hit shots as well as any golfer I've ever seen but who can't pass the rigorous tests of playing. I also have seen older and more notable golfers who have failed in critical situations, not really because of luck being against them, but because of lack of mental resources required in the full clutch of circumstances.

SHOTS THROWN AWAY

Most of the 55s that I have looked at (including my own) have included at least three shots, and generally five, that were absolutely thrown away by thinking wrong or by not thinking.

By the time Bill and I got to the ninth tee we were showing the strain.

I'd been carrying the thinking responsibilities on the odd holes and Bill had enjoyed a mental respite then. On the even holes, where Bill was supposed to think for himself, I continued to examine and apply remedies to the mental part of the play, so I didn't get any letup. Furthermore, I had to provide Bill and the other boys with a good example and didn't dare allow myself any lapses in concentration.

I didn't want Bill to take golf

Now, off with you into the wild blue yonder."

Bill studied the layout to get an idea of the target that he could reach with the least risk and the best percentage prospect of success. Obviously he was having trouble making up his mind what to do.

I couldn't stand the suspense. "Stay away from trouble and remember that, as long as it looks, you can reach it with three easy four-wood shots. If I direct you any more and you get a par I here you won't feel as though you had achieved it independently. So get to work all by yourself. If you don't want to do that, why don't you pick up the ball and walk in?"

Then Bill stepped up to the ball, waggling his club. His grip looked good and appeared to be loose enough so he could get a lot of spring from his hands into the shot. He teed the ball windy, a bit lower than for a drive in which oncoming wind wasn't a factor.

At that point he very plainly began to freeze. He shuddered in a manner that I imagine he hoped would be a forward pass and at that moment I cried to him, "Hold it!"

Bill jerked himself to a halt, then turned to me in relief.

"What did you stop me for?"

"Because I didn't want you to tear yourself apart, hitting the ball 340 yards. The ball wouldn't have gone that far. You'd have hit it about 140 yards to the right or hammered it right on top. But you would have wrecked every muscle in your body



ABOUT THE BOOK

These lessons, exploring a crucial aspect of golf that has been neglected in the past, have now been published in greatly expanded form by Simon and Schuster under the title *A Manual of Golf with Tommy Armour* (\$3.50). The book includes a detailed analysis of each of the nine holes, as well as Armour's advice on problems concerning the grip and the stance. It is Armour's first book since he wrote *How to Play Your Best Golf All the Time*, a bestseller published in 1940.

He went back to the ball and took his stance, thinking about his swing rather than the narrowness of the fairway and the length of the hole. He'd just hurdled a mental block.

He turned in an excellent, smooth swing. He almost seemed to be relaxed and that's an extraordinary thing for an average golfer who is hitting a shot into the wind. Usually they are grim and inflexible.

His hand action at the bottom of

tells the story of direction and distance of the shot.

The result of the stinging whip of the ball was a 210-yard drive, much better than Bill expected, and mighty good for a better golfer than Bill, hitting into the wind.

"Partner, I'm proud of you. All your bubblebrained shots are forgivable. Please tell people you know me," I applauded Bill. I felt almost as good about the shot as he did.

Bill grinned and bowed.

When we got to Bill's drive it was far enough down the fairway to give him the unique problem of keeping his second shot short of the cross-bunkering.

The bunkers were so far ahead there was only a remote chance of carrying them with another shot hit nearly as well as the drive Bill had just made. But still there was a temptation to try, so a fellow could say in the locker room later, "My second flew over the cross-bunkers on the ninth."

Bill shoved Satan behind him and hit a graceful, unforced shot with a four-wood. The brainwashing I'd given him about dismissing the impulse to hit hard had worked. The ball went like an arrow straight down the fairway and stopped in front of the trap.

With 140 yards to go, Bill took out a seven-iron. I knew he would pick the wrong club. He'd been surprising himself with more distance than he was accustomed to getting and he didn't judge this shot correctly. I could hardly blame him; he was in a location that was new to him after two shots.

Under normal conditions, a good lie and no wind, a seven-iron in the hands of an average golfer is good for 150 to 180 yards. With a breeze fluttering the flag toward us, Bill's seven-iron definitely wasn't the club to use. It would cost him one of the several strokes with which the average golfer punishes himself every round by thoughtless choice of clubs.

Bill played the shot beautifully for him. It wasn't a shot to excite Hogan or Snead or to assuage the envy of Palmer, Flintridge or Venturi but, outside of there not being enough of it, it was a class-A shot.

He had a bit of luck, too. His ball must have hit a hard spot. It took a big bounce, then kept hopping toward the green.

The fairway to the apex of the

continued



and have done practically nothing to the ball. Now, go to it again and swing moderately. And when you get well along in your downswing and ought to begin hitting, in the name of St. Andrew, hit! Throw both your hands into the hit and do it as fiercely as you know how. But up to that point, take it easy. The easier you hit this ball the farther it's going to go."

Bill listened studiously.

the swing was fast. When you don't hurry to whip your hands into the shot but have the intention of smashing the ball with a right-hand uppercut your hands will work exactly as they should. The back of your left hand and the palm of your right hand will bring the club face, going at top speed, correctly against the ball and keep it there, compressed, for this all-important fraction of a second that



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SPALDING sets the pace in sports

green was level and the grass was mowed to short fairway length. A bit closer to the green and a putter would have been the approach club for Bill. I was afraid he was going to use his putter—and he actually heaved it out of his bag. Then he took another look at the short stretch of fairway between his ball and the green and decided that the turf was a little too long for rolling the ball.

He gave his putter to his caddy and took out a six-iron. I sighed in relief.

At this stage I was more apprehensive than Bill. Maybe Bill wasn't

As we walked toward the clubhouse Bill was enlivened and bouncing. Reaction to the exertion of thinking at golf hadn't hit him yet.

I was tired but jubilant, too, at having performed a minor miracle—with the help of a golf ball and club I had brightened a man's future. Golf has done wondrously well by me. My responsibility is to do as well as I can by golf. Helping Bill gave me an opportunity to make a payment on the debt I owe golf.

In the clubhouse Bill sagged in his chair. He sighed, "Tommy, only nine holes and I never was so tired in my life."

I maintained my lazeys. "That's the

After analyzing his performance and his score I decided that I had succeeded better than I had anticipated. In nine holes Bill had gained knowledge that is power and had got basic training in how to apply that learning. He had learned, I trusted, a great deal about how to simplify golf, and that's a very tough subject to handle. His card was nothing wonderful—5 3 3 5 6 4 2 5 5 = 44—but even with that 8 on the second it was strokes better than he'd been scoring for the nine. The way he was playing now, using his head as well as his muscles, I felt he had a good chance to crack 40 on the back nine.

As I reflected on my experience with Bill I reached the conclusion that the best thing I'd done for Bill was to show him how to help himself. The test of my efforts for and with him would come when he was playing without me and he'd have to work out his own combination of mechanics and mentality.

Would he begin to survey the situation, determine a plan, then play with reason? Or would he backslide to the original sin of the duffer—totter stiffly at the shot, take a swing that would be too long or too jerky and short, have every muscle as stiff as a wire and throw his body at the ball?

He showed signs of learning the very hard job of hitting the ball easily. He didn't realize that he had passed a revealing test on that point when he played the ninth. He was a bit tired, and in that condition fatigue pushes a fellow into trying to hit harder, when he should keep his body steady and his swing fast with his hands.

After the third quick application of painkiller I began to think there might have been so much progress made in nine holes that Bill would expect perfection from now on. He and the other fellows were starting to talk profoundly about the game. Every golfer is an expert in the club's grill-room.

Presently Bill gave marching orders. "Come on, boys, let's get at the back nine."

My three comrades got up from their chairs. I stayed sitting.

"Go to it, fellows, and good luck. I've just played 699 holes—nine outside and 891 inside my skull. I am tired. Include me out. Thanks for a pleasant game. And for your money, too, when you get around to paying Bill and me."

END



bothered at all. I hoped so. I was wondering if I'd told him, somewhere along the line, a peculiar thing about these delicate short shots: The grip must be firmer than on the other shots. There's no luck to these shots but a short, firm, precise smack, delivered smoothly.

Bill took an open stance with the ball off his right toe. His hands were close to his body. His right elbow was close to his ribs. His head was almost over the ball. He held the club at the lower part of the grip.

Bill made a short backswing. There was only a fraction of a break in his wrists. He hit the ball crisply, and when he finally turned his head to look at the shot with his left eye the ball was rolling straight for the pin. It was the only thing the ball could do. It had been hit neatly and crisply, like a long putt, with a club with some loft to it, and it had to shoot through the air in a low arc until it hit the green, then, with its own spin, roll along the line to the hole.

He had a six-inch putt for his par 5. I held a tricky six-footer for mine.

All that was needed after Bill's test of playing the hardest hole on the course the easy way, by using his head, was for him to ask me if there was any help he could give me with my game.

personality you have to pay for unique labor with your head on that nine. After you have trained yourself to think at golf you will enjoy the game more and it will be less work for you."

"At that, I've never enjoyed nine holes more in my life," Bill said.

"That goes for me too," Ed echoed. "I didn't have any idea there was so much more to golf than hitting the ball."

Jim stared at his empty glass as though he were looking at a crystal ball. He came out of his trance and remarked, "I've played a lot of golf and I've played a lot of other games. I've hunted and fished all over the whole damn world. But until I listened this afternoon I never had an idea how much fun and what self-examination a game could be."

"Maybe I didn't do you any good. You may feel ashamed of yourself when you play a stupid shot from here in," I replied.

"That's true, but think of how elated I will be when I outbrain a golf ball," Jim retorted.

Jim and Ed had been in on a pique in the arrangement I'd made to take Bill as a partner. I was glad to hear they'd benefited from being in the bleachers but I was concerned only with determining whether I'd accomplished anything with Bill.

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Amateur chef extraordinary

Frederick Stagg, of England, Ecuador and Beacon Hill, is one of the world's great cooks

THE handsome gentleman on the opposite page, who is reading a razor-sharp knife to carve the leg of lamb roasting on a spit before his kitchen fireplace, has a right to wear tall chef's regalia. For Frederick Stagg of Boston is no passionate and proud a culinary artist that he actually cooks every single meal served in his exquisite Georgian residence on Beacon Hill—a house built in 1802 that once belonged to that proper Bostonian and long-time editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Ellice Sedgwick. About cooking he says: "It takes three months to teach one green girl even to chop." And about roasting: "Cooks are made, but you have to be born a turnspit. I was."

Scribbled Freddy Stagg does his cooking in a remarkable kitchen, remodelled from several rooms on the garden level of the old house, and hung with bunches of herbs, ancient copper, French and Flemish still-life paintings of fruit and game. There is a table set before the fire in winter and outdoors in summer for occasions when he and his wife Cordelia are lunching or dining alone, and this arrangement also does nicely for small, informal parties. Larger dinners—for 10 to 20 people—are cooked here by Chef Stagg, but are served upstairs by the maids in a glorious chandeliered dining room. As for his cooking ability: few professional warriors of the high hat can equal, and none can surpass his encyclopedic knowledge of the hows and whys of both *à la privée* and *à la grande cuisine*. What's more, his results outdo both in fitness and in surprise value anything that can be ordered in even the most expensive restaurants. "Look at my bookshelf," he says; "I learned everything from Carême and Madame Saint-Ange, so no wonder?" (The reference is to two great classical writers on French cooking, of the early 18th and early 19th centuries respectively.)

Freddy Stagg is a British citizen, brought up in Ecuador, educated in the United States (Cutter Preparatory School and Harvard), but he is actually three-quarters Spanish. He owes his name to his English grandfather, who was a midshipman during the Napoleonic Wars, then fought with Simón Bolívar, and ended up in Ecuador married to the daughter of General Flores, the founder and first president of that country. On his mother's side he points with pride to ancestors who were conquistador companions of Pizarro, and to a present-day cousin, the Marqués de Aranda, a grandee of Spain. Stagg's extraordinary background is matched by an equally extraordinary career. He has served in the British army, traveled extensively in the Far East, and managed the second-largest cocoa plantation in the world

in Ecuador. During World War II, the British Foreign Office sent him on special missions to Havana and Bogotá. Then for some years after the war—to the astonishment of his Boston friends—he became a research fellow in physical anthropology at Harvard, serving as an associate of the late Professor Earnest A. Hooton. The most recent Stagg enthusiasm has been for oil painting; entirely self-taught, he is an acceptable portraitist. But for this man of many talents, cooking remains the great art and first love. He is busy now with the preparation of a cookbook addressed "to those young people who know very little about cooking." Here are some of his ideas on this burning subject:

- "Have the largest, best-ventilated, best-equipped kitchen possible. Make it a thing of beauty with copper, colorful marbles, paintings—and a fireplace, even if only a small one."
- "Always cook in very heavy pans, preferably tinned copper or enameled iron."
- "Learn the simple things first; remember that a great maestro distinguishes himself especially in rather simple achievements that are perfectly prepared."
- "Never forget that too much or too little emotion about what you are cooking is equally bad for what you are cooking. I am very emotional, but I am very calm when I cook."

And about that leg of lamb in the picture:

- "I had the whole revolving spit thing made to order at Giraudin in Paris, and the mechanism is concealed in the wall. There is a pan below to collect the juices, but the really important thing is that I build a clear *espelette* fire in the fireplace, because an upright fire gives a large play of flames on the meat. I never put anything on the lamb. If you like the flavor of garlic, however, you can with a knife thrust a flat clove of that herb in next to the bone. The lamb will take from 1 to 1½ hours before the fire, depending on the weight of it. This is the best, the ancient way, to do roasts of any sort. For if they are cooked in the oven, or in a rotisserie, the vapors collect, and the meat is baked, not really roasted."

In the world of culinary scholarship and achievement, I do not know of a more impressive maestro than Freddy Stagg. There is an old-fashioned dignity to his pedagogy. "Your livers and pernils," he intoned to me once, looking majestic and very Spanish, "should, like Jehovah, be gratified by the incense of your cooking."

Announcing this year's fashion winners



ON THE ROAD. Here in Kansas City with the fall line, is Mel Davidow (above). Brother Archie manages the phones in Seventh Avenue headquarters of the firm.

Fourth annual Sports Illustrated Design Awards go to Archie and Mel Davidow, makers of the Davidow suit, and John Woltz, sports car racer and designer for the active life

THE ballots are in and the winners chosen, by 600 fashion authorities across the United States who have voted on a ballot selected by representatives of 12 of the nation's fine stores. This year's winners of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S** Design Awards are Melville and Archibald Davidow, who have captured the senior Sporting Look Award, and John Woltz, Designer of the Year.

To the Davidows, the award came for "continuously contributing to the American Sporting Look over the past 10 years." Their Davidow suits of soft-colored plaids and tweeds are by now an American institution. They have been made and sold in this country for more than 40 years, first by William H. Davidow, father of

the brothers, who started the family business in New York in 1880 with the manufacture of men's shirts and women's skirts. Coats and suits were added to Davidow's collections in the '20s, and the firm has made its fame and fortune on the now familiar three-piece ensemble: coat and suit of matching or harmonizing fabrics. The style of these suits changes only subtly from year to year, and this seems to be a secret of their charm to the wearer, who knows that his outfit will always be recognized as a "Davidow suit."

In the past five years, since Gabrielle Chanel returned to the catwalk in Paris, the Davidows have revived an old connection and have brought and reproduced the designs of Chanel





JOHN WEITZ POSES WITH HIS ACADEMY AWARD-WINNING DESIGNS: MRS. YOLANDE GANDY (LEFT) AND MRS. MICHAEL J. GOFF

In this country. The firm, which bought from Chanel during her first great period in the '20s, is currently shipping a spring line of 12 Chanel models. Davidson uses many of the same fabrics in its Chanel adaptations, and changes the models only in sizing to fit the typical American figure. "Davidow," says Herter Jacobson, president of L. Magnin Co., "makes Chanel suits better than Chanel makes 'em."

John Weitz (above), winner of the Designer of the Year Award for making the most significant contribution to sportswear during the past year, has breasted to success since 1931 primarily as a designer of sparse car fashions. A driver and racer himself, Weitz was one of the first to design the "car coat" and slim-fitting pants for the woman who, according to his definition, should wear pants.

Dressing Americans for a particular sport has turned out to be a most effective formula for Weitz. This year he formed his own design studio,

and five firms, including a children's sportswear maker, manufacture his clothes. By fall, when he plans to add a men's-wear firm, he will be designing for every member of the hypothetical young American family he has in mind and which he characterizes as "the type that buys a Jaguar on time." To keep in touch with these customers, who are both his inspiration and his bread and butter, Weitz travels extensively. During March he clocked 15,000 air miles, including trips to New Orleans to address a charity organization, and to Portland, Ore., where he urged young designers to shake off staid traditions and "get with" the hip young set of ideas that he has in mind. Weitz, who was born in Germany, educated at Oxford and worked as a young man with European dressmakers, subscribes to the theory that designers are not artists but dressmakers who must make clothes for people whose way of life they understand. John notes that women are still seek-

ing more fashion ideas from men and concentrate on fabrics and types of clothes he would wear himself.

This year's Design Award winners competed for the first time against nominees from other countries. The Davidowes were chosen from a group that included Ed Atkinson, Mary K. Dodson, Margit Fellgi, the Goldworts, Tina Lester, Vera Maxwell and Emilio Pucci (of Italy). John Weitz's competitors were Elizabeth Beck, Ellen Brooks, Donald Bussle, Jane Ford, Polly Hamburg (of Bermuda), the Lassus, Boko, Ricci, Samuel Robert, Frank Smith and Pembroke Squires.

Members of the committee of leading U.S. merchants who drew up the slate of nominees are Nan Dinkin, Herter Jacobson, Adam Gimmel, Andrew Goodman, H. D. Hodgkinson, Albert D. Huttler, Lawrence Marcus, Arthur Madison, Herbert Segal, Dorothy Shaver, W. E. Summers, William C. Steison—and Fred R. Smith of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. **END**

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TRACK / Tex Maule

A pass in time

As the outdoor track season opens, the intricate art of the relay takes the spotlight

THE LEAN, dark youngster bounced gently up and down on the track, staking his hands loosely to relax his arm and chest muscles. He looked back across the curve of the track to the start of the 440-yard relay, his face intent and concentrated. As the runners across the field crouched to await the starter's gun, he took his position just inside the white mark in his lane which marked the beginning of the exchange zone. When the gun cracked he crouched slightly, in a sprinter's starting stance except that his hands were on his knees rather than on the track.

As the field rounded the curve, their speed exaggerated by the bend of the track, he looked steadily back over his right shoulder at the first runner for the University of Texas team, and as that first man hit a mark some 21 feet from the exchange zone, Eddie Southern took off. He did not look back again, but as he raised the line indicating the end of the exchange zone he dropped his right hand—palm to the rear, fingers extended together, thumb out—and held it there until he felt the baton slap up between his thumb and forefinger, then, changing the baton from his right to his left hand, he fled down the backstretch. Texas, traditionally

a producer of fine teams, won the event, one of the features of the Texas Relays two weeks ago, in 40.4 seconds, 7.10 of a second off the world record for this race. The baton exchange between Wally Wilson, who ran the opening leg for Texas, and Southern had been beautifully smooth, and the baton changed hands with both runners at very nearly top speed.

"It was a good exchange," Southern said later. "Good, but not excellent."

Such insistence on perfection is characteristic of the outdoor track season in the United States, when relay races take an increasingly important part in track meets. The big relay carnivals—such as the Texas, Kansas and Drake in the Midwest—will be followed by a spate of meets in California, leading up to the National Championships in June and, this year, to the climactic United States-Russian dual meet in Philadelphia in July and the late-summer Pan-American Games in Chicago. But the competition preceding those big summer events is concentrated almost exclusively on relay races, with the individual events taking second place in interest to this great team effort of track and field sports.

Probably the best relay coach in the United States is a balding, pleasant young man named Oliver Jackson, who coaches the Abilene Christian College track team. His 440- and 880-yard teams last year set world records in their events, and in the



IDEAL BATON EXCHANGE has incoming runner *slight* Joseph hand off baton to teammate in last two yards of 20-yard exchange zone. As incoming runner reaches point A, outgoing runner is crouched, watching baton pass. As incoming runner passes



BATON, BATON PASS *Left: Austin Christian's F. (right) team, mounted twice in the first exchange, as the incoming runner (left) covering teammate, slows to give him baton. Calvin Cooley, taking delayed pass, slipped as he started. In background, rival team makes up valuable yardage with a nearly perfect pass near end of the zone.*

race the University of Texas won at the Texas Relays a couple of weeks ago, an Abilene Christian team made up of three sophomores and a junior placed third and failed to press the winner only because of a bad baton pass.

Their failure can be ascribed to their youth. "It takes at least a year for a relay team to begin to operate perfectly as a unit," Jackson said earlier. "The team we had that set the 440 world record—Waymond Griggs, Bill Woodhouse, James Sargent and Bobby Moynihan—was the best I have ever seen. They had a professional polish in their exchanges,

and I say that not because I coached them. They worked together a long time and they made their baton exchanges perfectly, and, as individuals, they fit perfectly into a relay team."

Aside from the essential speed which is needed for the four men who make up a relay team, the most important factor in producing world records is the baton exchange.

"The time difference in a race in which your team makes three good exchanges and in a race in which it makes three excellent exchanges can be as much as a second and a half."

continued



point B, the outgoing runner leans in preparation for fast start. As he passes point C, the outgoing runner takes off and incoming runner overtakes him between point X and the end of the exchange area. The pass is made with both runners at top speed.

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TRACK continued

Jackson said. "Mind you, that's the difference between good and excellent. We work on exchange three times a week at half, two-thirds and full speed. We work on it until the boys react instinctively in the exchange zone and can devote all their concentration to running, not taking or giving the baton."

Jackson trains his teams to make the baton exchange in the last couple of yards of the 20-yard exchange zone, with both runners going at top speed. To insure this, he determines in practice how soon the outgoing runner should start in relation to the speed of the runner approaching him. Then he marks a take-off point on the track from 21 to 24 feet before the exchange zone begins, and he marks another point—a "lean" point—four 14 to 17 feet before the zone.

"The lean point is something we worked out a few years ago to give our outgoing runners the equivalent of a rolling start," Jackson explained. "If the outgoing runner stands flat-footed until the incoming man reaches the take-off point, he has a hard time reaching top speed in the 20 yards of the exchange zone. But if he begins to lean forward when he runs hits the lean point, his body weight is ahead of his feet, just as it is in a regular sprinter's start, and he can drive and accelerate nearly as fast as he can off the starting blocks."

The baton exchange is made from the left hand to the right, and the outgoing runner never looks back once he starts. He takes the inside third of the lane and the runner coming up takes the outside, shouting instructions as he comes up so that he will not overtake his teammate or be left too far behind to make the exchange in the zone.

"The world record team was ideal in personnel, too," Jackson said. "You find out that kids who tense up too much in individual competition very often make good relay runners because they feel that they're getting help. Everything doesn't depend on them. So they gain confidence, and sometimes a kid who has fine essential speed but who can't relax in individual competition learns to relax running relays. One of the kids on this year's team is jittery, but he'll probably get over that after a year or so."

"But to get back to ideal personnel. Obviously, you need your best starter—not your best sprinter—as

the first leg. We try to put our second-fastest man on the next leg—a guy like Bill Woodhouse, who was a great sprinter overshadowed by Morrow. That's for the psychological effect. You come blowing in there for the second exchange with a healthy lead, and you make the other teams nervous and sometimes they'll blow the exchange. We figure that exchange—between the second and third runners—is the most important, and we like to put pressure on the other teams there. The third guy should be a calm, unexcitable boy. Segrest was perfect. He had a wonderful sense of rhythm. His timing on the exchange was the best I have ever seen. And he was a fine sprinter, too. The anchor man should be your fastest man and your best competitor, and we had Bobby Morrow."

A GOOD EXCHANGE

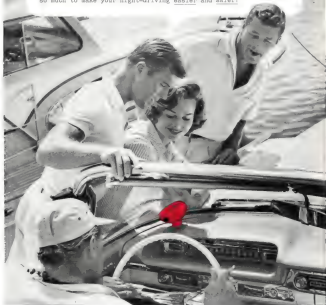
Jackson's current sprint relay team blew the second exchange badly in the Texas Relays. Calvin Cooley nearly slipped to his knees as he took off, and the incoming runner overran him (see picture on page 54) and had to slow up and make the exchange at half speed. Still, the youngsters managed a 41.3, exceptionally good for so young a team.

Eddie Southern, Texas' fine sprinter and quarter-mile, ran the second leg for his team for the reason Jackson pointed out. A veteran of the Olympics, Southern gave Texas a wide lead going into the second exchange, which helped hurry the other teams into something less than excellent baton passes.

Jackson's relay technique is fairly standard now, although there is one inconsistency among his rivals. Johnny Morris, the valuable University of Houston coach, searching for an edge to make up for the lack of essential speed, stations his outgoing runner on the two "curve" legs in the outer third of the lane so that he can cut from the outside of his lane to the inside, thus flattening the curve. His runners alternate passes from left hand to right, and the pass is made from the top down instead of upward. The outgoing runner holds his hand back with the wrist turned toward the body, palm out, and he does not transfer the baton from right or left hand.

"I got to cut all the corners I can," Morris says. "I don't get the boys. But there's really no substitute for speed."

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Short, sweet series for slick Celtics

Two of pro basketball's weaker franchises were greatly strengthened in the playoffs won by the squad of superstars from Boston

BOB COUSY had planned a brief Florida vacation with his wife and two daughters after the pro basketball playoffs, before he had to leave on a good-will tour of Europe and North Africa for the State Department. The Boston Celtics were to play the Minneapolis Lakers in a four-out-of-seven series for the World Championship, and Cousy had plane reservations for last Sunday night.

In the first two playoff games, in Boston, the Celtics were frequently in trouble but closed strongly to win. Before leaving for Minneapolis, where the next two games would be played on Tuesday and Thursday nights, Cousy told his wife: "Move those reservations up to Friday. We're going to win four straight and I'll be back the morning after the fourth game."

As a result of this foresight (or calculated risk: the Cousys were out on the sands of Delray Beach two days early), The Celtics became the first team in history to sweep basketball's World Series. It climaxed a season in which they set more than a dozen other records and clearly earned the accolade their coach, Red Auerbach, had claimed for them months ago as "the greatest team ever assembled."

Because the Celtics are so well balanced and because their style of

play is built around the offensive skills of every player on the court at any given time, it is difficult for the performance of one man to stand out. Even the brilliance of the incomparable Cousy generally blends into a composite picture of team excellence. This is in contrast, for example, to the St. Louis Hawks, who play to and depend so greatly on Bob Pettit and Cliff Hagan, or the Lakers, who lean heavily on the scoring ability of Elgin Baylor. For the Celtics, Cousy and Bill Sharman cannot be allowed any leeway outside; Tom Heinsohn and Jim Loscutt must be covered in the corners; Bill Russell, in the post and underneath the boards, is a threat for 48 minutes of every game. As the rival defense shifts its concentration to one area, another cries out for instant attention.

And yet, despite this balance of excellence, one Celtic managed to stand out in the competition with both the opposition and his own teammates in this series as the key player. He is Frank Ramsey, who repeatedly came off the bench to spark Celtic rallies or recoveries—a special talent he has developed to take advantage of the fact that he is the sixth man on this superlative squad. Immediately after coming into a game, Ramsey does

either of two things to provide a quick lift for the Celtics. Within seconds, he is way in the clear for an easy layup or he is at the free-throw line for two shots.

"I've been playing with Frank for four years now," says Cousy, "and it's a mystery to me how he does it. He comes out on the court and you look up and there he is alone under the basket with the ball."

"One time this season," says Russell, "Frank came into the game and he got to the free-throw line so quickly that he was too 'cold' to take his shot. He had to warm up before shooting."

SETTLE FOOLS OPPOSITION

Ramsey, a rangy, easy-mannered, crew-cut 6 feet 3, apparently accomplishes his two special feats because of an unusually deceptive court style. He pads along the floor, barely raising his knees from a horizontal plane, skimming the surface like a gull over water, seemingly bemused and sleepy-eyed. Then, without changing expression or otherwise betraying the extra effort going into each stride, he shifts into high gear, quickly pulls ahead of the man guarding him and is in the clear for a long pass (generally from Cousy) and a layup.



BOB COUSY SLIPS UNDERMIND LAYUP PAST TWO LAKERS FOR SCORE

Much the same technique helps him draw free throws with the regularity of an Eddie Stanky drawing bases on balls. To the man he is guarding, Ramsey may appear aimless or absent-minded, yet he manages, mostly, to be between that man and the basket. When the man drives and makes contact, Ramsey is on his way to the free-throw line.

These accomplishments merit particular praise because Ramsey was considered something of a midget when he came to pro basketball. He recalls the expert opinion himself: "They said I was too small to play against the big men up front, and too big [and therefore, probably, too slow] to play against the small men in the backcourt." Instead, rival players have experienced most of the difficulties inherent in this situation. Ramsey overpowers smaller basketballers while easily keeping up with them, and he's too fast for many of the bigger men up front. In the series with Minneapolis, moving in and out of games under Auerbach's careful guidance, he averaged 22 points per game, drew 20 draws in 10 minutes and 25 of them. He is, by any odds, the best substitute this game has ever seen.

In addition to demonstrating the Celtics' superiority—or, perhaps, despite it—this year's playoffs performed a number of other useful functions. Because of Syracuse's fine showing in the preliminary round against Boston, they pushed the Celtics to seven games; the Nationals' franchise has been enormously strengthened. The club's bookends a healthy profit, thanks to playoff revenue, and a campaign to sell season tickets for next year, already under way and with enthusiastic support, may well put Syracuse in the black, financially, for next season before opening day. The acquisition of George Yardley and the extraordinarily rapid progress of rookie Hal Greer are two prime reasons why this team will be a title contender in 1959-60, and Syracuse fans know it.

Elgin Baylor's coming to Minneapolis and the Lakers' playoff victory over the St. Louis Hawks have had even more dramatic and widespread effects. All talk of moving the Lakers—to Chicago or San Francisco—has been stilled; instead, local businessmen are cooperating in a drive to build the team a new and permanent home so they will not have to play,

continued

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alternately, in various armories and auditoriums in the area. Furthermore, the enthusiasm generated by basketball has proved infectious: forgetting their differences on matters outside sports, the Twin Cities (Minneapolis and St. Paul) are again organizing their resources for a drive to acquire a major league baseball team.

Finally, the experience in Minneapolis has proved conclusively that the race for pro basketball's weaker franchises does not necessarily involve moving them to other cities but, rather, concentrating on building better, winning teams and trusting to fans to respond to this effort. It is worth noting that the only two clubs in the NBA which will not show a profit this year are Cincinnati and Detroit—which had the two worst records for the season.

For a few more years, therefore, West Coast fans will have to content themselves with NBC-NBA Game of the Week telecasts. Next season's telecasts will begin immediately after the World Series and run for 26 consecutive weeks. None of the many Coast groups seeking a franchise has any prospect of success until the 1960-61 season. Even then there is a likelihood that Chicago may be admitted before San Francisco and Los Angeles because it would be easier to work a Chicago team into league schedules.

In considering Chicago, or any other city for that matter, the league's officials still have to solve the problem of how to supply the new team with a collection of players good enough to put on a fair show against established clubs—the same difficulty which faces proponents of new major league teams in baseball. For, obviously, it would be folly, even before a fresh, eager audience, to field a team of also-rans. Syracuse General Manager Dan Bissone has suggested that the new team be allowed to draft, intact, the year's college All-America squad and, although even such a group would undoubtedly be slaughtered by powerhouse outfits like the Celtics and the Hawks, the idea is worth consideration. Certainly, Boston and St. Louis could hardly be persuaded, even in the interest of league balance, to give the new team any of their better players—the Cougars, Pettina, etc. Even beyond starting fees, no club will part with a player it needs. The Celtics, for example, have a sixth man named Frank Ramsey.

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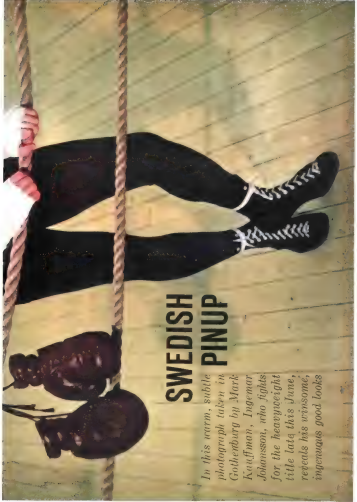
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SWEDISH PINUP

In this warm, subtle photograph taken in Gothenburg by Mark Kauffman, Ingemar Johansson, who fights for the heavyweight title late this June, reveals his winsome, ingenuously good looks



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PLANTING "FOR SALE" SIGN: OBSCURE, EDDIE ERDELATZ PREPARES TO READ FOR GREENER FOOTBALL FIELDS

FOOTBALL / *Tex Maule*

A naval disengagement

Navy brass's new lack of tighter regulations brought a brass-lacks showdown with Eddie Erdelatz, a young man going west

AVVra! today, Dad?" Eddie Erdelatz Jr., a 180-pound fullback from St. Mary's High School in Annapolis, asked his father this question one afternoon last week. Eddie Erdelatz Sr., 200-pound-plus ex-coach at the Naval Academy, grinned.

"A couple, son," he said. "Why?"

"Well, Fokey told me to tell you there's an opening at the ice cream parlor where he works," said Eddie Jr., who was good enough to make the high school All-American team.

It's unlikely that Eddie Sr. will have to take the opening offered by his son's teammate.

"I've been getting three calls a day since I resigned at Navy," Erdelatz said. "I got a good offer yesterday and a better one today, but I'm going to take my time. I'm only 43. Maybe I'll wait until the game of musical chairs starts and hope I'm sitting down when the music stops."

Erdelatz' sudden resignation from his job as Navy coach may have started a belated game of musical chairs. When he talked to Texas last year to investigate the Texas A&M coaching job, the Naval Academy had 70 applicants for his job, including, according to academy

spokesmen, "10 applicants from major colleges." Perturbed over the fact that A&M contacted Erdelatz without getting a release from Navy, Naval Academy officials have said they will not interview any coach who does not have the approval of his college in seeking a new job. This may limit the applicants for the Navy post since no major college will be willing to let go a successful coach this late in the year. The same factor militates against Erdelatz getting a job soon, but Eddie isn't worried about it.

"We're going out to San Francisco as soon as Eddie Jr. graduates," Eddie Sr. said. "I was born and raised out there and my dad is out there and we're very close. I would like to get a college coaching job out there but I'm in no hurry. I had just as soon be around and relax for a while."

Although Erdelatz refuses to give any specific reason for his sudden resignation, it is likely that a new, tougher Navy policy on athletics is behind it. The entire Naval Academy, under Rear Admiral Charles Melson and with the approval of Athletic Director Captain Shute Carter, has undergone a tightening of regulations, and the old free-handed dis-

tribution of excess appointments for athletics may have suffered.

"I have absolutely no criticism of the academy," Erdelatz said. "I stayed here nine years, longer than any other coach, and I'm very grateful for the opportunity the academy offered me."

Erdelatz is a big man with a wide, strong face and a very strong personality. His announcement followed a meeting with Navy brass and it was a sudden decision. His resignation after the completion of spring practice is a clear avowal that he did resign for his own reasons and under no pressure from Navy. It is embarrassing to the Naval Academy, but not, obviously, to Erdelatz.

As usual, during spring practice he had installed a couple of new ideas, and the other day, after having resigned, he couldn't conceal his enthusiasm.

"Here's what I did," Eddie said, brightening. "We had a lot of kids who played for one reason or other last year, and when we checked their performance we found they were about equal. So we're going with two platoons which will play both offense and defense and create competition during the week to see which will start."

Eddie had seemingly forgotten that he wouldn't be at Annapolis next fall.

EWB



YOUTHFUL STAB Billy Talbert strikes a pose at the Central Ohio Championships in Columbus in 1915. Then 16, six years a diabetic, he won junior and men's singles, men's doubles and mixed doubles and was ranked 19th among the junior players in the country.

COURTESY, B. 1915, 1916, BY WILLIAM F. TALBERT

Part I

THE BILLY TALBERT STORY

ON OPENING DAY of the 1911 baseball season the Pittsburgh Pirates came to Redland Field in Cincinnati. The good-sized crowd saw what it hoped to see: Sunny Jim Bottomley, the great first baseman only recently traded to the Reds by the St. Louis Cardinals, marked his debut with a lolly triple and scored Cincinnati's only run. After the game was over, the departing fans also enjoyed an unscheduled postgame exhibition when askew 14-year-old, wandering down the first base line, suddenly broke into a trot, then a run, neatly rounded all the bases with groundkeepers in hot pursuit and triumphantly slid home.

Few onlookers, however, observed the consternation in the eyes of the boy's father as the youngster got up, dusted himself off and sheepishly faced the scoldings of the angry stadium police. Reiss (Rene) Talbert, a quiet, serious man, was known and liked at Redland Field, and he got son Billy out of there in a hurry. I know, because son Billy was me, and I had done a pretty awful thing—far more awful than the caps at Redland Field could realize. It wasn't just that I, or any other kid, was not supposed to run wild around the ball field after the game; I wasn't supposed to run at all. I had been told that any kind of exercise was a danger to my life, and up until then I had firmly believed that I would never run again.

What crazy impulse started me running I will never know, but I know now that it was one of the most fortunate acts of my life. Its consequences, in time, were to reach far beyond Redland Field, Cincinnati, myself and even baseball; for me and for thousands of others, it lifted a curtain of doom which had seemed certain to blight all our living years.

The curtain had fallen on a Friday afternoon four years before on as happy and active an existence as any 10-year-old could have. I was a

PLAYING FOR LIFE

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT with JOHN SHARNIK

Beginning the inspiring story of a boy's fight to overcome a crippling ailment; and how he finds a new life in a sport he never dreamed of playing. First of three parts

baseball nut; I tried, breathed and dreamed the game. My father had played ball in college and even briefly on a professional team in Texas before settling down in the family livestock business in Cincinnati, and he taught me everything he knew. I wanted nothing more in life than to be a ballplayer like Mummy Jim; yet on that Friday afternoon the whole thing came to an end.

I hadn't been feeling right lately, and my parents had begun to notice some peculiar habits I had acquired. At school I never passed the drinking fountains in the hall without stopping, and I was always holding up a whole line of kids behind me because I couldn't seem to satisfy my thirst. At the dinner table, I ate like a castaway rescued by the French Lines; yet I was losing so much weight that I had to keep hitching up the belt of my confidures. At night, I could hardly wait to get to bed, but all through the night I kept getting up to go to the bathroom. Sometimes when I got up, the light was still on in the kitchen, and I could hear Mom and Dad talking about me in worried tones.

That fateful Friday afternoon, when I got home from school, they were waiting for me, dressed to go out. I put on a jacket and tie, and we drove downtown to the Union Central Building.

Feeling strange and scared, I was delivered into the hands of two doctors, who spent a lot of time asking me personal questions, thumping me in various places, drawing blood and taking a urine sample. Dr. Walt, as I was urged to call the taller and the older of the two, then patted my shoulder and sent me back to the waiting room.

I sat there between my parents for what seemed like several years, looking through liberty and wishing that doctors at least had enough sense to stock some decent reading matter, like *Baseball Magazine*.

A nurse appeared at the door, smiled briefly and motioned to my parents. Dad got up and followed her inside. Mother stayed with me, pretending to read her *Delacorte*, gripping the untorned pages so hard that her knuckles showed white. When we were finally called into the office, Mother gave a small, nervous sigh and hurried me in ahead of her.

Dad was sitting there, his face showing nothing. Dr. Walt got up from behind the desk and put his arm around me.

"Bill," he said, "your dad's been telling us that you're a good soldier. He says you know how to follow orders."

I looked at my father. I didn't understand.

"I'm going to have to give you some orders," Dr. Walt went on, "and you're not going to like them very much, I'm afraid. You're going to

have to be very careful about everything you eat. There are quite a few things we can't let you do. Games, running around. . . ."

He turned to my mother, as if this were something he'd been trying to avoid but knew he would have to arrive at sooner or later. "Mrs. Talbert," he said, "Bill has diabetes."

Mother gasped sharply and buried her face in her hands. Dad stirred in his chair, helpless and uncomfortable as always in the presence of any strong emotion. He cleared his throat, "What should we do?" he said.

"Well," Dr. Walt resumed briskly. He seemed relieved to get on with the business at hand. "The first thing we're got to do is get this young man into Children's Hospital. That's where we'll start working out the insulin—find out just how much he's going to need. Let's see. . . ." He

looked at

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BILLY TALBERT STORY continued

consulted the calendar on his desk. "Well, he's not yet here in on Monday. Meanwhile, plenty of rest—that's going to be one of the important things from now on. And a special diet, of course."

He turned to my mother. "Don't worry about all those details just yet, Mrs. Talbert. We'll give you all the help you'll need. The important thing is to start learning—all three of you. Because," he finished quietly, "this is something you'll all have to live with."

Mother hit her lip. "How long will it be, Doctor?"

The doctor hesitated. This was the point that he must always have come to, finally, with other children and their parents.

"Mrs. Talbert," he said, "there is no such thing as a cure for diabetes."

In the history of medicine's conquest of diabetes the year 1928, when I sat in Dr. Wail's office and heard these words, was an early date. It was only seven years before that science had found a remedy enabling the diabetic to stay alive. A normal kind of existence was still beyond any patient's expectations. When a mother was told that her child had diabetes, it meant that life had suddenly shriveled down to a narrow, hollow shape. From now on, each day would be limited by constant dangers.

Since then the remedy has been developed further and the shape of life has expanded, although there is still no cure for diabetes. Even its cause remains a mystery.

Actually, diabetes isn't a disease at all; it's what might be called a biological fault.

Normally, the human body makes efficient use of all foods. The proteins, contained mainly in meat, eggs, milk and some vegetables, provide growth and maintenance. The carbohydrates, concentrated most highly in sweet and starchy things like bread, potatoes and candy, are converted to simple sugars in the intestinal tract and used and stored as the body's chief source of energy. Fats, found mostly in meat and dairy products, are built up as a reserve source of energy.

In the diabetic, however, the body is unable to make maximum use of foods, especially of carbohydrates. Instead of converting and utilizing the sugar fully, it passes it on through the bloodstream and through the

kidneys and finally into the urine.

Starved for energy, the body keeps demanding more food; but unable to use it, the body tires. Eventually it starts seeking energy from the alternate source—fats. But when fats are used, they give off an acid; and if too much acid is produced, the result is a condition known as acidosis, in which the diabetic symptoms grow steadily worse.

Until the early 1920s, there were only a couple of things a doctor could do for a diabetic. He could put him on a near-starvation diet, keeping him away from anything containing sugar or starch. At the same time, he could keep the patient inactive, so the body would need little energy and would not have to use its fats. Even so, unless the diabetic condition was only slight, it was only a matter of time before the condition deteriorated and acidosis set in. Fatigue gave way to a deep lassitude, then to coma, and finally to death.

PARTLY still die of diabetes or from complications of it, but ever since 1921 the picture has been brightening. That was the year a Canadian surgeon named Frederick Banting and a medical student named Charles Best, working together, discovered the substance that makes it possible for the sugar in the bloodstream to be converted into a form where it is available for energy. This is the hormone called insulin, a chemical produced by a gland called the pancreas, which is located behind the stomach. Subsequently, it has been found that several other glands also influence the effectiveness of insulin. These are the adrenal glands, the pituitary and the thyroid. When the pancreas fails to produce enough insulin, or when the insulin is somehow nullified by the action of the other glands, the sugar content of the blood, and subsequently of the urine, increases, and the symptoms of diabetes appear.

Banting and Best discovered, however, that if you extract insulin from the pancreas of slaughtered beef or pork and inject it into a diabetic, his body can make more efficient use of carbohydrates. The sugar content of the blood will drop and the symptoms will diminish.

To secure the discovery of insulin was so important that it was considered worthy of a Nobel prize. To diabetes, 1921 ranks pretty close to 1492 among the memorable dates of

Continued

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BILLY TALBERT STORY continued

history. Busting and Best rate as popular horses, and insulin is probably the most important single word in the language. It means, after all, the difference between life and death.

The session at Dr. Walt's office had warned me vaguely that something was about to change. In the next couple of weeks at Children's Hospital, the new pattern took shape. There was a strange, dreary new way of looking at everything.

Food, for instance, was no longer something you either liked or was good for you, but a part of the treatment. Whole lists of delightful things were taboo—candy, cake, almost any form of sweets. Exercise was out; rest was the thing for me. Three times a day I had to stick myself with a hypodermic needle, injecting insulin; and the proper dosage had to be determined by an endless series of tests. Even when I left the hospital, I had to adhere to this routine; and gradually, as the weeks and months went by, I succumbed to it entirely.

In my forced retreat from life, I had taken one important thing with me; my love of baseball. Even though it was at best a poor substitute for a real game, I still enjoyed tossing a ball back and forth with Dad. As a spectator, I spent even more time than before at the Cincinnati ball park. It was tough at first to realize that I could never be out there playing myself, but I finally accepted that as something that just had to be. Until the day I ran the bases.

The game was over; a bunch of kids were clustering around Sunny Jim. I climbed over the low railing in front of the box. The green turf felt wonderful underfoot—fresh and lively. I walked out to the infield, and started down the first base line. A groundskeeper groaned at me, "All right, kid, let's clear the field." I paid no attention to him.

I kicked the bag tentatively with my foot, and stood there for a moment. Then, I started, at a trot, toward second base. As soon as I did that, something curious happened: all restraint seemed to leave me; I felt free and weightless. Then, like a kid, I broke into a run.

I heard somebody yell behind me—it may have been Dad, maybe one of the field police—but I didn't stop. I rounded second at full tilt, automatically touching it with my left foot, to save steps—a vestige of my base-

ball training, years before. Nothing seemed important except to run, and keep on running. I touched third without breaking stride, and raced for home, as if I were carrying the winning run in a World Series. A few yards from the plate, I flung myself recklessly into the dirt, feet first, and slid joyously into home.

A cop pulled me to my feet. He must have been chasing me down the line. The stragglers in the stands laughed and cheered as I dusted myself off, grinning with a mixture of satisfaction and embarrassment.

Dad came over, wearing a worried look, and took me off the policeman's hands.

"That was a kid stunt," he said. "You know they don't want fans running all over the field."

"I know."

"Especially you. You're not supposed to do things like that."

"I couldn't help it," I said. "I just felt like it." Grim as he was trying to sound, he didn't really seem angry.

In the car, on the way home, he kept glancing at me. "You feel all right?" he asked.

"Sure," I said, with some conviction. "I feel fine."

He spent one of his rare smiles. "I'll bet you do." We pulled up at a stop light, and he shook a cigarette from a pack and lit it. "Be sure you get that dirt off your clothes before your mother sees you."

He didn't say any more about it. All the way home, he seemed to be working something over in his mind.

It took my father a couple of weeks to reach his decision and carry it out. In that time—in his unemotional, down-to-work fashion, and without saying a word about it to Mother or me—he found a way to redirect the whole course of my life.

That afternoon, Dad came home late. "I had to make a couple of stops downtown," he explained. Besides, without so much as a hint of the bombshell that he was about to explode in the Talbert household, he put a bulky, odd-shaped package in my hands. "I brought you something," he said simply.

I tore the wrappings loose.

"A tennis racket," I said. Wrapped with it was a single white tennis ball. I held them, the racket in one hand, the ball in the other, not knowing quite what to make of the gift. Tennis was one sport in which neither of us

continued



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NINE-YEAR-OLD BILLY, a happy baseball whiz, is just 100 lbs. and 4'10" tall. He is happy for Christmas with his mother Clara and his Lloyd Brown.

BILLY TALBERT STORY continued

had ever shown any special interest.

"Well, what do you say?" Dad asked.

I looked at him, puzzled. "Oh, thanks, Dad." I glanced around the apartment, wondering where I was expected to hang these pieces of sporting bric-a-brac.

"I mean how would you like to learn the game?"

"You mean play tennis?"

"Betsy," my mother said, in a tone as shocked as if Dad had invited me to a stag party at a shady hotel. "That isn't funny."

"I'm not trying to be funny, Clara. I've . . ."

"You can't be serious. You know Bill is sick."

"I'm not sick," I said automatically. "I'm just dia—"

"Well, he isn't helpless," my father broke in. "Damn it, Clara, haven't you even noticed? Do you think he enjoys sitting around all day while the other boys run around doing things? Do you think that's his idea of fun? He's a strong, healthy kid."

For Dad, that amounted to an oration, and for him to raise his voice above the level of offhand comment was rare enough to startle Mother into tears.

"Healthy?" she said, sniffing into her handkerchief.

"All right," Dad said. "He has to take his insulin, he has to watch his diet. That doesn't mean he's an invalid, Clara." He turned to me. "Am I right, Bill? Wouldn't you like to do something for a change?"

"Sure," I said, rather tentatively.

"How about some tennis, then?"

Much as I had been yearning to rat loose, as I had for just those few carefree moments at the ball park, still the habit of thinking of myself as an invalid wasn't easy to cast off so suddenly. Neither was the prejudice I had expressed once, years before, when my cousin Ike had tried to introduce me to tennis. Tennis wasn't a game that filled college stadiums or downtown ball parks, that made the big headlines on the sports page, that boys learned before they could read. Everybody recognized the names of Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig; but who

had ever become famous with a tennis racket?

"There's no fun in tennis," I said.

Dad picked up the racket and bounced the ball thoughtfully on the strings. "It's better than just sitting around," he suggested.

I considered that. "I'll try it."

"Please be sensible," Mother said.

"Both of you." She dabbed her eyes. "Remy, let's talk to the doctor about it. If he says yes, then . . ."

"I was trying to tell you, Clara," Dad said firmly. "I've already talked to the doctor. That's where I went this afternoon."

It was Dr. Walt who, some years after, told me about the scene that had taken place in his office earlier that day.

Together, Dad and Dr. Walt went over the records of my visits to the clinic and to the doctor's office during the last four years. Dr. Walt had to agree that I'd been doing very well. Except for a couple of minor incidents, just after I left the hospital, I had had no bad times.

"The only trouble is," Dad said, pointing to the sheet of records, "that's no life for a 14-year-old boy. You know how kids are at this age. Doc—full of beans, always wanting to do things."

"What do you think he'd like to do?"

"You know what I mean. Bill's always been interested in sports."

Dr. Walt began to pace the office. "Remy," he said, "I think you understand the problem is that."

It was the old story: exercise required energy, energy required sugar, and sugar was the great bugaboo to the diabetic. By careful control of diet, I was being allowed to take in just enough sugar to maintain life at a quiet, inactive pace. The carefully regulated insulin injections were enabling me to use that sugar safely. Wasn't that enough?

"No," my father said flatly.

Dr. Walt looked at him for a moment. "I agree with you," he said.

Quite a few doctors, it seemed, were beginning to think that diabetics were being held back unnecessarily. Insulin, after all, had introduced an entirely new factor into the problem—a means of control. So far, it was being used mainly as an item of equipment in an impersonal kind of chemistry—to hold down the sugar level of the blood. But didn't this mean

continued



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BILLY TALBERT STORY continued

the diabetic himself now could do
things that had been forbidden to
him before?

Possibly, Dr. Walt said, but there
would be risks. It was fairly easy to
determine the amount of energy, and
therefore of sugar, a person needed to
perform the routine motions of daily
life—getting dressed, walking certain
limited distances, doing ordinary
jobs. It was a much different matter
trying to predict the rate at which
energy was used, and sugar burned,
in any kind of sport. If a game ran
especially long, or the play ran espe-
cially hard, a diabetic would be using
up his energy at a fast rate, and the
insulin might be left with no sugar to
work on. He would then run into a
second major hazard—the one at the
opposite extreme from diabetic coma.
This is the condition called insulin
reaction, the effects of which come on
much more suddenly, and can be just
as dangerous.

There was only one way to work
out a new equation of insulin, diet
and that third, alien factor, exercise.
This was on the basis of individual
experience. Even then, the results
wouldn't be foolproof. The diabetic
would have to learn to recognize the
danger signs of insulin reaction, and
take prompt countermeasures.

"In other words," Dr. Walt sum-
marized, "there isn't a lot I can do
for Bill. But if he is willing to work
at it, there may be something he can
do for himself."

"If it's sports," Dad assured him,
"or anything that gives him a chance
to move around, he'll work at it."

"If I were you," the doctor said,
"I'd try him on tennis."

For all the encouragement Dad had
got from the doctor, my mother was
sure we were headed for nothing but
trouble on that first day when we
walked across the street to the park
and the public tennis courts. She
couldn't even bear to face the trial,
herself. Dad and I left her at home,
full of doubt and foreboding.

Dad, on the other hand, was his
usual calm self. His advice to me was
brief and simple: "You just keep your
eye on that ball," he told me, as if
this were as simple as anything else
of our old-time batting-practice ses-
sions and nothing were any different
from where we'd left off, four years
before.

In the afternoon, the courts at Coy
Field were in the custody of a tall,

muscular guy of about 20, named
Roy Fitzgerald, a University of Cin-
cinnati football player to whom the
job meant a few weekly dollars to-
ward his college expenses. He also had
a personal interest in tennis and a
sound knowledge of its fundamen-
tals, which he didn't mind passing on
to the younger kids who used the
courts. Dad put me in his hands.

"Now," Roy said, after showing
me how to take a firm grip on the
racket, "I'm going to tell you the first
three things to remember about this
game. First, you want to watch the
ball. You have to hit it before you
can put it away. Then, when you do
hit it, your feet should be parallel to
the net. Don't be facing the net, the
way some kids always want to do.
Finally, start your swing with the
racket head below the ball, not com-
ing down over it. Watch me now.
Always step into that ball. Get your
shoulder into the swing."

"Like when you're batting," I of-
fered, "in baseball."

"Right. You got over on the other
side of the net, now, and we'll try
a few."

I heaved the ball on the asphalt
surface and swung. The ball arced
across the steel net.

"Level that swing," Roy called
across, sending it back. I ran up,
checked myself, brought the racket
around, and again connected.

From the beginning, the sats-
faction was enormous. Compared
with the narrow surface of a baseball
bat, the flat area of a tennis racket
was a pleasure.

"This is easy," I said to my father,
as I stopped to pick up a stray ball.

From across the net, Roy grinned.
"A couple more and we'll knock off."
He hit one down the sidelines to my
right. I ran for it, hit it back to him,
then had to reverse myself immedi-
ately and dash for the opposite side
of the court, as his return headed for
the farthest corner. With a lung-
ing effort, I brought my backhand
around, mimed and fell full length on
the hard surface.

As I lay there, catching my breath,
Dad tensed forward from the park
bench where he was sitting, but re-
laxed as I got to my feet.

"You all right?" Roy said. He
jumped the net.

"Sure," I said, hitching up my
trousers.

Dad walked over, deliberately,



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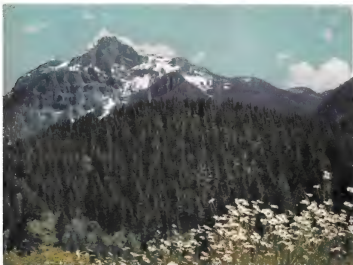
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delightful way to see Canada is from the vantage of one of Canada's incomparable resorts. Particulars can be had from your travel agent; meanwhile, to start things rolling, write to the address below for the Canadian Vacation Package, a general introduction to the Canadian scene.



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BILLY TALBERT STORY *continued*

and smoked no cigars, snobs and apes. No ideas. "Not as much on our thought," he said, "is it?"

"I should have got that one," I said.

Ray laughed. "Come around tomorrow and we'll really give you something to run for."

I looked at my father.

"No reason you can't," he said.

As we headed back toward the house, I noticed that the area around the bench was littered with cigarette butts. He must have smoked a pack in the hour I'd been on the court.

THAT was early in May. Every day after that, as long as the weather was anything better than pouring rain, I went over to Coy Field, armed with my racket, tennis balls and a few lumps of sugar. That was the emergency ration Dr. Walt and I decided to try—a quick way of raising the blood sugar when exercise had burned it too fast, and therefore a quick, crude defense against the risk of insulin reaction. I had been startled when Dr. Walt proposed it. Sugar, after all, was something to be scared of. But I was willing to try anything.

Sometimes, after I'd been run around the court, especially hard by Ray or one of the teenage snobs, was played there, I would feel my breathing become quick and shallow, my control of strokes becoming suddenly erratic. A lump of sugar, or its equivalent in a bar of chocolate, I found, would bring me back to normal within a matter of minutes. I was encountering the same trouble, and for the first time in years I began once again to look forward to every new day with the old sugariness.

BY THE spring of my second year in tennis, I was ready for the high school team tryouts. I made the grade at No. 1 in both singles and doubles. I didn't have a losing match all season. The next year's record was almost as clean. I was already established as one of the leading high school players in the state.

At sixteen, I was eager to try my wings in tournament competition. I had just won the state high school doubles championship with my teammate Richard Riken, a skinny kid with a vast shock of curly hair. My record had come to the attention of the Ohio Valley Tennis Association, and a couple of men from that or-



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EARLY DOUBLES TEAM of Talbert and friend Richard Riken was part of future fame. Here the winning combination is shown at Columbus in 1938.

garification had shown an interest in me, encouraging me to keep working on my game and offering me the use of the court at their own club in Cincinnati. Their backing was enough to guarantee Rihm and me admittance to a tournament coming up at a park in Chillicothe. It was a challenging event (a number of older players well-known in the area would be entering, including some of the players on the powerful Konyon College team. But Chillicothe was 75 miles away, and that raised problems for both Rihm and me. A week away from home would cost money. The tournament committee would give us some sort of allowance for meals, but there was still the problem of bus fare and a place to stay once we arrived.

Neither of us said anything about the tournament to our families beforehand. The day before it was scheduled to open, we each slipped out of the house with a tennis racket and suitcase, leaving notes for our parents to explain where we'd gone. We rendezvoused at a midway street corner and began thumbing our way to Chillicothe.

The hitchhiking business was no bad that a couple of hours later, at some remote crossroads, we were thumbing both ways at once; we would just as gladly have taken a ride back to Cincinnati. Yet we finally landed in Chillicothe that evening and presented ourselves at the only address we knew—the home of the tournament committee chairman. He hardly knew us, except by name, but he couldn't have been more friendly.

"You boys had your supper?" he said, sitting up our dusty clothes.

Rihm and I glanced at each other.

"Well, you probably wouldn't mind a snack, anyway," he added quickly. "Might as well stay here with us tonight, too. Tomorrow we'll fix you up with a couple of cots at the club."

Hungry as I was, I had to eat cautiously because my insulin schedule was uncertain. "Is anything wrong?" our hostess asked me. "Your partner seems to be enjoying it." Rihm was, in fact, eating voraciously.

"No," I assured her. "It's fine."

"I guess," she said to her husband, "William's afraid there won't be enough for tomorrow."

I flashed, "Oh, no," I said, "It's only . . ." I hesitated. "Would I be troubling you too much if I asked for some boiling water?"

Continued on p. 107

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After that, I didn't have to sneak out of the house to get to tournaments. Diet remained something of a problem, but I managed. And the difficulties about hypodermic needles and other matters of diabetic routine decreased as I became less self-conscious about them.

On my own, that summer, I managed to get to most of the club tournaments in Ohio. Almost every weekend, I'd come home with a trophy or two, and from one tournament I brought home all of the five I was eligible to compete for: junior and men's singles; junior, men's and mixed doubles. I was becoming what's known in the trade as a regular mug-hunter, and the apartment in Cincinnati began to be overcrowded with silverware—rugs, trays, plaques of all shapes and sizes.

By home-town standards it was an impressive reward. By tennis standards it didn't count for a great deal. Occasionally the small tournaments were illustrated by the presence of a real tennis star like Bobby Riggs, Frank Parker or Bitty Grant; sometimes the field would contain a couple of really talented youngsters like Don McNeill and Joe Hunt, both already marked as future champions. When that happened, I went home empty-handed. Shaved to the side-lines in an early round, I would only too happily serve as ball boy for the nonfinalists and finalists. From that vantage point I could study the winning kind of game. After the match I would hurry to the locker room.

"The way you hit your forehand volley—is this the grip?" Sometimes I'd get nothing but a brushoff, but sometimes I'd get a valuable lesson.

One fact that impressed me was that the players who won most consistently were the ones who emphasized control rather than power. It would be especially true on our mid-western clay courts, where the ball's bounce was slower and gentler than on grass or concrete; on clay the power hitters would find their best shots being returned. Eventually, because the harder they swung the less they could control the ball, they would hit a shot into the net or out of court and would wind up beating themselves. Time after time I saw the flamboyant Californians, accustomed to fast courts, equipped with a big, scary serve and a murderous instinct, mowed down by the patient players like Bobby Riggs and Bitty Grant.

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intellectually active one. Certain lessons are well learned in physical combat with one's fellow man. And only by participation can one learn.

Boxing is a good sport. Its objective is not to make an opponent punch-drunk. It is to prevail over him by superior condition, skill and perseverance. Certainly men are knocked down, struck on the head and suffer broken ribs and noses. These things happen in any contact sport and are what set contact sports apart from sports of the mind, such as golf and tennis. I had the opportunity to participate in amateur boxing in San Francisco while in medical school. At first I was soundly whipped by the local boys but fortunately learned at such cutting and was lucky enough to win the Golden Gloves heavyweight championship in 1944 in San Francisco. Maybe a play from a doctor who knows a little more about boxing than the Ph.D. college dean will be worth something.

ROBERT R. McIVIN, M.D.

San Francisco

See:

In college boxing, such as Golden Gloves or A&J bouts, the boys are not matched according to their ability to receive or subconsciously react according to weight.

Therefore a youngster who has had but three or four college bouts and who is boxing in his first year of collegiate competition may face an opponent who may be boxing in his first bout as a collegian, but can very well have had 35 or 40 fights under his belt. The boy who has had but three bouts will usually try to give more than he has by going in and dying for the old alma mater.

I have seen plenty of runs, some serious ones, among those who were wearing head guards. I know of a broken ribcage. Actually, a properly fitted mouthpiece is the most important piece of protective equipment a boxer can wear in the ring. I don't mean the commercial type.

College boxing is a wonderful sport but it should be kept on strictly intramural level so that everything is equal among the contestants.

JOE D. MUELLER

Washington, D.C.

RACING RECORD

See:

Joe David Brown's article on *My Khan* (*Sports Illustrated*, 31, March 23 and 30) has a reference to the horse Nabar that I wish to have clarified.

The staff book states that his only start was as a 2-year-old in the Bahamas Stakes at Hialeah, that he was injured, ran fourth and raced no more. Joe David Brown reports that Nabar raced often and won the Lincolnshire Handicap.

I lend three names to this stud and am wondering as to the conflicting listings. Who is right?

FRANK T. KELLY

Dayton

• There are two Nabars. Mr. Kelly's, bred and raised in America, is the property of F.A.B. Wadsworth's ER Hill Farm and is now standing at

Haggard Farm, Lexington, Ky. He had just one race. The other is the foreign horse bred by Aly Khan, now owned by a syndicate and standing at Crown Crest Farm, Lexington. The latter is now also known as Nahar II, as is the custom when a foreign horse comes to the U.S. and there is already a horse with the same name. Nahar II had 30 starts, won six, including England's Lincolnshire Handicap in his only race as a 7-year-old.—ED.

BASKETBALL: SEASON'S DESTINIES

See:

Now that the basketball season is over, it is time to go back and do some of the things that should have been done long ago.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for the tremendous job Jeremiah Tax and Sports Illustration have done once again this year for basketball.

The December 9th special Basketball Issue was a masterpiece, and one which I referred back to many times.

Basketball's Word was great, but too short.

Bill Wall

Basketball coach

MacMurray College
Jacksonville, Ill.

See:

During the past season—and for that matter, for many years—your basketball features have been outstanding. You have managed to stay away from sensationalism and have stuck to high-type reporting. You are doing a real service.

There is one suggestion that I would like to make, and this, of course, is a suggestion which would hold true for any publication. I wish that we could find some manner to do a better job of giving credit to outstanding defensive performances. For instance, California this year had one of the greatest defensive teams in basketball history. Yet it failed to place one man on the various All-American squads, and as a team was barely ranked in the Best 10 of the nation. It proved to be the best. The high-scoring individuals and teams get the attention and good press. The defensive goals are, many times, overlooked.

Jack H. Garover

Basketball coach

University of Utah
Salt Lake City

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE . . .

See:

Concerning that letter of Mr. John Hughes (PFR 1024, March 23) extolling the all-around excellence of Notre Dame by citing its scholastic performance on TV's College Bowl quiz program, I have nothing against the "Irish," but, as Mr. Hughes has probably since learned, the very week after Notre Dame trounced Georgetown in the TV program College Bowl, Notre Dame's champs were themselves trounced. By whom? Harvard girls, that's who.

Ira Siskeler

Flemington Lakes, N.J.



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Pat on the Back

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FLOYD ROOD

'There's always room for a caddie'

Most teaching golf pros are content to fulfill their professional obligations through diagnosis of their members' swings and an occasional off-the-record confidence of what Sam said to Ben at this year's Seminole. Not so Floyd Rood, the muscular and eloquent pro at St. Mary's Golf Club, 70 miles west of New Orleans. Rood's unceasing preoccupation with golf as a means to a better life for all has progressively led him from developing a foolproof putter to a unique program of constructing golf holes at correctional institutions, where he teaches boys the fundamentals of the game and the lucrative trades

of caddying and course maintenance.

The first such installation was dedicated last month at New Orleans' Milne Home, some of whose boys are shown above with Rood. Plans are now afoot for a nine-hole course for the Louisiana Training Institute, and Rood has a hopeful eye on institutions in the federal corrective system. All this has taken Rood a long distance from the practice tee at St. Mary's, but because of a lifetime commitment to boys in trouble Rood is delighted: "Most boys leave institutions with nothing but dangerously idle hands—and there's always room for a caddie."



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